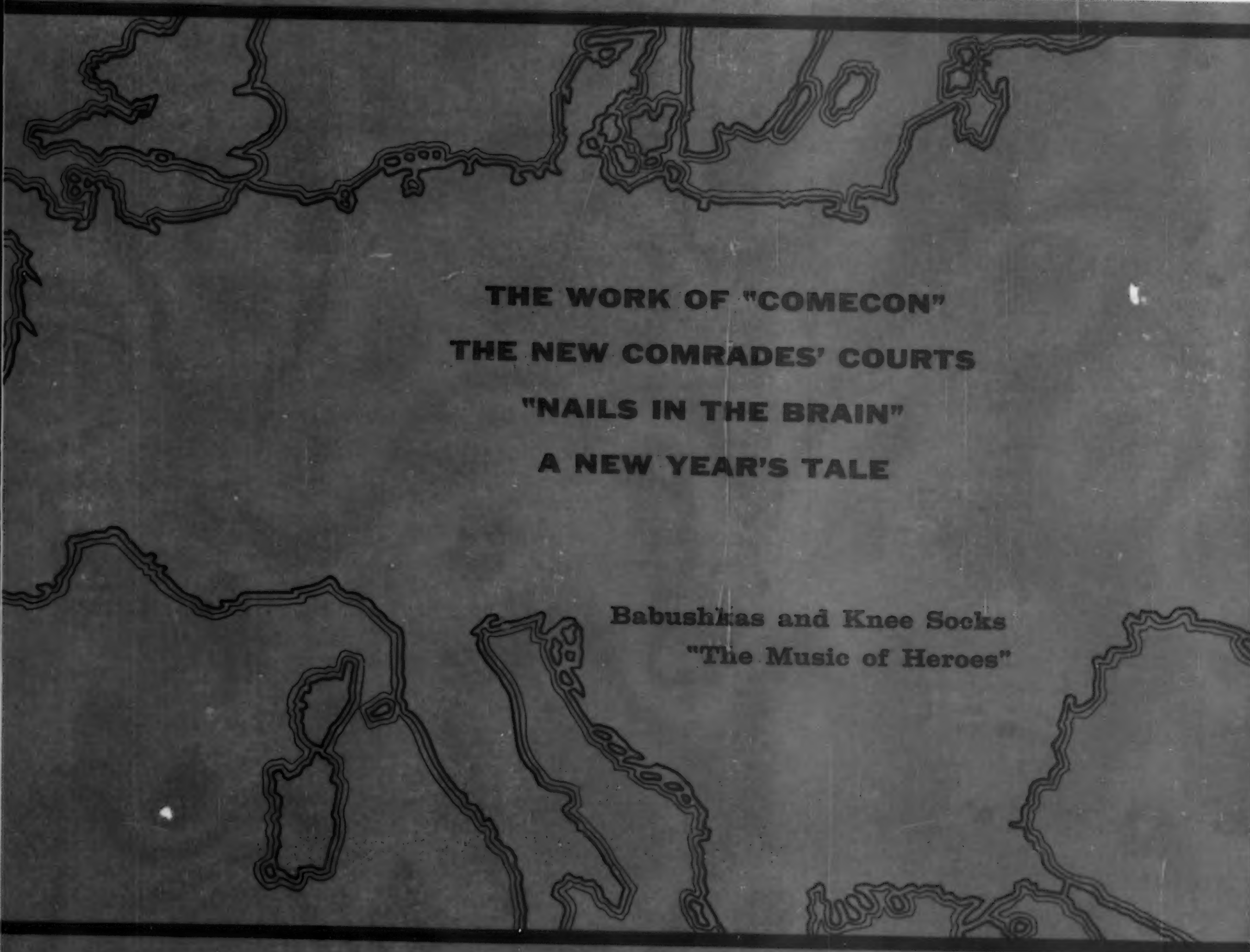
EAST EUROPE

A Monthly Review of East European Affairs



THE WORK OF "COMECON"

THE NEW COMRADES' COURTS

"NAILS IN THE BRAIN"

A NEW YEAR'S TALE

Babushkas and Knee Socks

"The Music of Heroes"

APRIL 1960 35 CENTS Vol. 9 — No. 4

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EAST EUROPE

Formerly NEWS FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

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EAST EUROPE is a monthly review of political, economic, social and intellectual trends and events in the Soviet orbit. Information contained in this magazine is based on a thorough analysis by specialists from East European countries of all major Communist publications as well as the monitoring of Communist broadcasts.

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THE MONTH IN REVIEW

ECHOES

THE YEAR 1956, when there was so much hope in Eastern Europe, and then so much horror, seems a very long time ago. This month two separate events provided reverberations to the events of 1956, sad and rather dreary reverberations which point up the distance and difference three years have made. The scene of one of these was Warsaw: a foreign delegation arrived at a central station and was met by a group of top-level Polish Party and government representatives. There were also over a thousand Poles present; they watched the arrival silently, without demonstration. The visitors were from Hungary, and they were led by Janos Kadar, symbol of the destruction of the Hungarian Revolt. This was the first time since the Revolt that Kadar had visited Poland, and the Polish regime was perfectly well aware of its people's detestation for him and what he represented. The trip was, in the frame of reference of the usual propaganda brouhaha over such visits, almost clandestine. No effort was made to publicize the time of arrival or the schedule. If Kadar had visited Poland soon after the suppression of the Revolt no one would have been surprised at demonstrations and outbursts against him. Now the Communists feel a visit is safe, but they expect nothing better than silence. That silence echoes the louder against the memory of Warsaw's reception of the American Vice President last summer; then also people were told little about arrival time or routes, but the word flew about and Warsaw rang with cheers. Those cheers, this silence and the guns of Budapest mingled in Warsaw this month.

The other reverberation from 1956 was heard in Poznan, the Polish city in the Western Territories where, three years ago, riots sparked by striking factory workers were a major step on the road leading to the return of Gomulka. Now, according to official reports, there have been strikes in Poznan again: a forty-eight hour work stoppage in protest against the recent countrywide tightening of production norms, with its concomitant reduction in salaries or increase in workload. There was a strike in Poznan (and other strikes protesting the norm revision have been reported elsewhere) but the city did not burst into a flame of protest as it did three years before. The most pressing immediate goad to that kind of protest—the arbitrary lawlessness of Stalinism—is gone from Poland; three years of frustrated hope for further political improvement, three years of watching the promise of the "Polish October" being nibbled away in undramatic little bites—this has enormously increased the weariness and apathy of the Poles. There were no riots in Poznan. Some thirty leaders of the striking workers were fired from their jobs.

SPEEDUP

THE SPEEDUP IN NORMS which sparked the Poznan strike was defended at length by Gomulka in a speech to a Warsaw Party Conference which had its curious and ironic highlights. Gomulka is in a uniquely difficult position for a Communist ruler. The Polish economy, everyone agrees, is in a notably rattle-trap condition: to survive in a Communist economy the entire nation has gone in for a whole complex orchestration of payroll padding, norm-fixing, petty pilfering and elaborate refinements of "economic crime." Something, it is generally agreed, must be done. One alternative, that of moving toward real decentralization and an approximation of a market

economy, perhaps on the Yugoslav model, which has had advocates in Poland, has obviously been discarded. Gomulka has chosen the other road, that of tightening the present slipshod chaos within a system of centralized overall planning. Yet such a tightening will inevitably be felt by the worker as an attempt to make him do more for less money. The Polish worker is going to resist this; he is going to resist it all the harder because he sees his peasant brother still farming in an overwhelmingly "unsocialized" agricultural economy and prospering as he has not prospered for years. But in this situation Gomulka has pledged himself not to use the one orthodox weapon in the Communist armory—the use of stringent administrative and physical repression. It may be that Gomulka will violate that pledge; if he does he will reap a great whirlwind of hate for himself and his Party. In his Warsaw speech, however, Gomulka showed an almost pitiable desire not to have the Party blamed for the workers' difficulties in the tightening of norms; over and over he repeated that if the workers suffered unfairly it was not the Party's fault, not the planners' fault, but somehow the fault of the middle-echelon factory administrators who, somehow, can and must arrange that norms are tightened, productivity increased, yet without causing a serious drop in wages or brutal increase in work. It seems most unlikely that this line will either succeed in forcing the managers to do the impossible or draw the ire of the workers away from Gomulka and his Party.

FACADES

In Hungary, an interesting new development seems to be under way on collective farms. Under the impetus of two recent drives, making vigorous use of a variety of economic and "legal" pressures, there has been a sharp increase of agricultural collectivization. It now appears that the regime, fearful of the effect of this on agricultural production, is attempting various stratagems to assure that, at least in the transition period while kolkhozes—and frequently whole "Socialist" villages—get themselves organized, production will not fall catastrophically. One novelty revealed by a periodical of the Hungarian Agricultural Institute consists of the following: a newly formed collective is permitted, even urged, to redistribute its landholdings among its members; the members then work this land largely as if it were their own. The details of this operation are not made clear; nevertheless it is plain that the new amalgams following this method are far from true collectives, whatever they may be called statistically or in the boasts of regime leaders. In addition to this land distribution, the government is also urging, again as a temporary measure for the "transitory period" of the consolidation of collectives, a much greater use of private plots on kolkhozes, particularly in regard to livestock breeding.

These are striking shifts in policy, however temporary. In a democratic society, there would have been much public debate on degrees of collectivization; most probably differing views would have polarized into differing political parties. In the Communist society such shifts are simply announced; indeed often, as in this case, quite without fanfare. Nevertheless, everything we know about the operations of Communist society teaches us that beneath the expressionless statement there is stress and struggle. In this case, struggle with the peasants themselves: there has been news of a certain amount of unrest among the newly collectivized farmers; there has undoubtedly been more unrest of which no news has come abroad. And also in this case, stress within the Party itself. We know that intra-Party factions exist, that some of the bureaucratic elite are in favor of all-out collectivization on political grounds, and devil take the peasant and production, and that others are chary of the effect of this course on the people and their living standards. There must have been and there still must be the most intense kind of dissension within the Hungarian Party on this question. On the face of events, however, nothing of this is permitted to show. A standard pattern in all societies, perhaps—the opposition of facade and reality. But nowhere is the opposition more persistent than in the Communist countries of Eastern Europe.

A previous article, on the history of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance, appeared in the November issue.

East German and Polish engineers working together in Turoszow, at a Polish lignite mine.

PRZYJAZN (Warsaw), January 24, 1960

The Work of COMECON

Khrushchev Tells the Satellites: "We Must Help Each Other"

IN 1957 A GROUP OF HUNGARIAN JOURNALISTS interviewed Premier Khrushchev in Moscow and were treated to a lecture on modern industrial economics. "Capitalist experts," said Khrushchev, "have found that it is mass production which renders production cheap and economic. We Marxists also have to see the importance of this problem. The sooner and the better we develop the division of labor among our countries the greater will our economies be." The Soviet leader returned to this theme in his address to the Twenty-first Party Congress in January 1959: "We realize that a country cannot advance to Socialism alone, separate from its sister nations; we must help each other, so that by joint effort the countries that lag can be brought up to the level of the most advanced."

Slowly, under Khrushchev, Soviet economic thinking is entering a new era. The day when a backward Russia strove to build dams and steel mills at almost any cost has passed, and the new generation of planners and technicians faces more subtle problems. Stalin had no patience with economists; Khrushchev evidently listens to them and understands the basic principles of capital investment and foreign trade. The underlying theme of Soviet planning in recent years has been that it is not enough to increase production by putting more people to work in more and more factories; if the Communist world is to justify its existence it must learn to produce goods as efficiently and cheaply as the capitalists do. How that is possible without imitating certain capitalist methods is a question that Soviet economists prefer to ignore.

If the slogan of "peaceful competition with capitalism" raises difficult questions for Soviet economists, it bristles with even more problems for the East European Satellites. While the Soviet economy is well enough endowed to be almost self-sufficient, the Satellite countries must depend on international trade for most of their industrial raw materials. Moreover, they are not big enough to support by themselves the techniques of mass production for large markets. For example, in 1957 East Germany produced office machinery in quantities ranging from 5,000 to 30,000, while the optimum scale of production was estimated to lie between 30,000 and 60,000. In 1958, East Germany made 39,000 automobiles, as against an optimum of 70,000 for a single model.* Add to this the whole array of items—from power shovels to kitchen sinks—for which modern technology demands large-scale output, and one problem of industrialization in Eastern Europe becomes evident.

The need for closer cooperation between the striving People's Democracies was admitted as long ago as 1949, when the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance was established with headquarters in Moscow. Its prospectus emphasized the advantages of "broad economic collaboration" and "mutual aid" on a basis of "equality of rights." Optimistic Communist spokesmen foresaw that the member countries would "coordinate their economic plans, establish joint investment programs, [and] begin joint production programs . . . from the point of view of setting up a division of productive forces according to the requirements of each country and its natural and historical conditions."**

* *United Nations,* Economic Bulletin for Europe *(Geneva), June 1959, p. 48.*

** Planovane Hospodarstvi *(Prague), No. 6, 1949, p. 143.*

Mistakes of the 1950s

However, no such program was undertaken. Instead, beginning in 1949, all of the East European countries commenced long-term economic plans which substantially duplicated each other. These plans emphasized iron, steel and heavy machinery regardless of national resources. Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria, although short on coal and ore, each set out to develop steel industries and to exploit their own poor and costly deposits of coal and ore. Each country strove for self-sufficiency as though the rest of the "Socialist camp" did not exist. Stalin's formula for "building Socialism in one country" was tacitly applied to each East European country without allowing for their lack of the Soviet Union's diverse resources and studiously ignoring the technological revolution in chemicals and metallurgy which had occurred since Stalin began his first Five Year Plan.

Thus Hungary built an iron and steel combine at Sztalinvaros for which the cost of imported coke and iron ore per ton of steel produced was greater than the cost of buying a ton of steel billets abroad. East Germany—equally ill-favored by natural endowment—raised a steel mill in the forest of eastern Brandenburg, miles away from the coke of Polish Silesia and the iron ore of the Ukraine, as well as from the industrial centers of Saxony where the steel output was to be sent. These are only two of the ill-conceived monuments to self-sufficient industrialization in Eastern Europe.

After the political upheavals of late 1956, the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance was revived and once again assigned the task of rationalizing the Eastern European economies. But the problems involved in knitting together eight separate economies, each run by its own State bureaucracy, are gigantic. In Western Europe, where the Common Market countries are pursuing an analagous scheme of integration, the process will be governed by the play of market forces and the mechanism of trade. In Eastern Europe, however, where there is little private enterprise, no free market for the products of industry, no rational price system and no convertibility of currencies except for tourists, the planners must organize everything in advance. Who will produce what, and how much? Will it be more economical to build a new cement plant in Bulgaria or in Poland? Are the large tractors produced in East Germany and Czechoslovakia adapted to the requirements of small peasant farmers in Poland? (If not, then Poland must either produce its own tractors or else collectivize its agriculture as the others are doing.)

The delegates who meet in the commissions of Comecon are likely to represent as many vested interests as any similar group in the West, with the difference that they have fewer objective standards to repair to. It has been reliably reported that such conflicts are settled in Moscow, where the Soviet authorities are not above using their superior bargaining power to bring the smaller countries into agreement. One Soviet technique is to offer certain economic projects out for competitive bidding among the Satellites, with final assignments going to those who promise to complete the undertakings most quickly and cheaply; the tasks in which no country is interested are simply assigned by Soviet fiat.

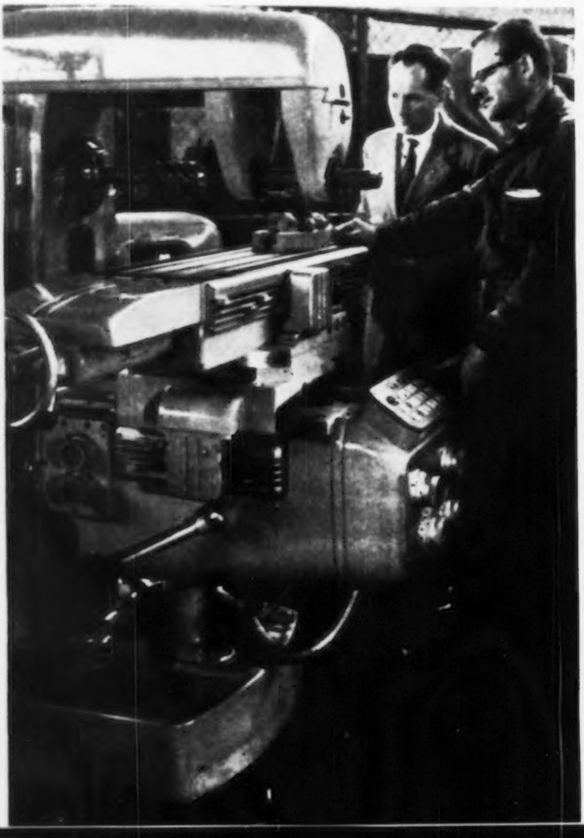
THE RAW MATERIAL GAP

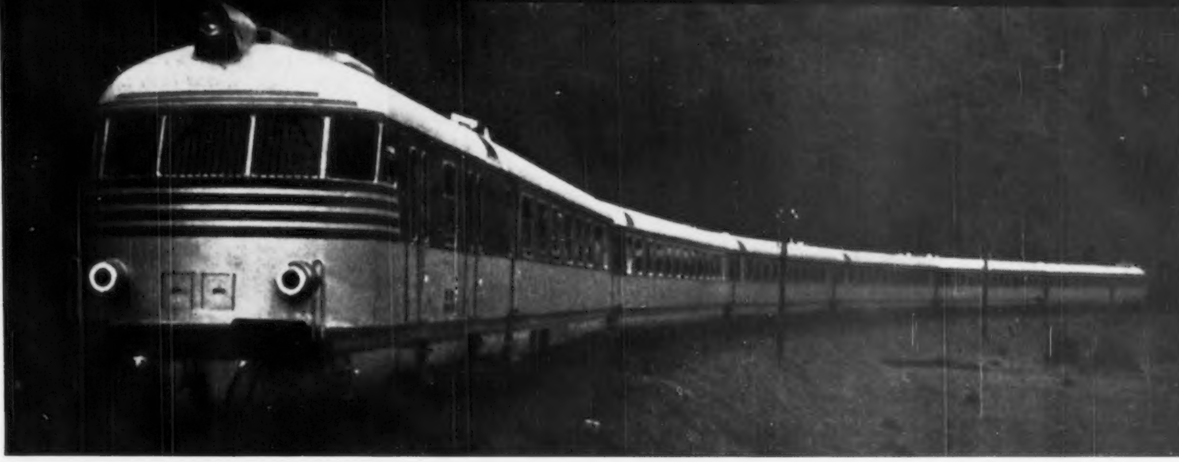
East European industry has shown a chronic tendency to outrun its supplies of fuel, power and raw materials. One purpose of Comecon is to close this gap, partly by increasing imports from the Soviet Union and partly by a more intensive exploitation of East European resources. The area's increasing dependence on the USSR may be seen from the following table, showing the percentages of key imports supplied by the Soviets (*Vneshnaya Torgovlya* [Moscow], No. 8, 1959.)

	1950	1958
Iron ore	65.0	74.7
Pig iron	68.1	84.0
Rolled steel and pipe	48.9	57.5
Non-ferrous metals	26.5	59.4
Oil	47.3	97.1
Oil products	62.6	58.6
Sawn lumber	12.7	63.1
Cotton	79.3	66.7
Grain	77.9	83.9

The Russians will, of course, continue to be the major supplier of these essential items. Imports of iron ore from the Soviet Union are to increase by 120 percent between

A model of the MU 320 automated universal drilling machine under development by the Csepel Works in Budapest. The question of which country will produce gadgets like this creates conflicts in Comecon.
HUNGARIAN EXPORTER (Budapest), January 1960





A train built by the century-old Ganz railroad car factory, one of the few Hungarian factories that can compete with West European firms.
HUNGARIAN FOREIGN TRADE (Budapest), No. 1, 1960

1958 and 1965. Czechoslovakia will import 10.1 million tons in 1965 as compared with 3.6 million tons in 1957—mainly to supply the mammoth iron and steel works now under construction in eastern Slovakia. This project, said to be one of the biggest integrated steel mills in Europe, is intended to relieve much of the area's growing steel requirements. Czechoslovakia has agreed to share the investment burden with the Soviet Union by participating in the construction of an ore processing plant in the USSR.

Soviet pig iron deliveries are to grow even more rapidly, and in 1965 will reach a level 170 percent over that of 1958. One reason for the expansion is that pig iron is cheaper to transport than are iron ore and coke, but the main purpose is to hold down the growth of iron smelting capacity where natural conditions are unfavorable, particularly in East Germany. According to *Rude Pravo* (Prague), April 25, 1959, the increase in East German pig iron consumption during the seven-year period will come entirely from the USSR.

The most celebrated Comecon project in recent months is an oil pipeline which is to feed the expanding petrochemical industries of Eastern Europe from the oil fields of western Siberia. The pipeline, said to assure an 80 percent reduction in transportation costs, will extend from far behind the Urals to Mozyr in Byelorussia; one branch crosses Poland to East Germany, and a second goes south to Bratislava on the Danube, where it meets a Hungarian line from Budapest. Each country will finance and wholly own its portion of the line. The result will be a huge increase in Soviet oil deliveries by 1965: in Czechoslovakia to 4.5 times the 1957 level (or 5.3 million tons in 1965) and in East Germany to 5 times the 1957 level (or 4.8 million tons in 1965 out of 5.0 from all sources).*

"Hidden Reserves"

Comecon has been most notable for its success in increasing the utilization of Eastern Europe's own resources. Investment capital is at last beginning to move from one country to another, especially from the more developed to the less developed countries. This effort got underway after the 8th plenary session in June, 1957. Broadside attacks against the evils of autarky had been common, but with no significant result. Now Comecon undertook to finance the expansion of coal mining in Poland, the chief source of coal in Eastern Europe. East Germany invested $100 million in the development of two Polish lignite mines with an annual production of over 25 million tons.* In return, Poland agreed to supply East Germany with 6 million tons of brown coal annually until the mines are exhausted.** Czechoslovakia invested $62.5 million in Polish bituminous coal mining, supplying machinery, industrial plants and other products that Poland desired. In return, Poland is to supply Czechoslovakia with coal. (*Vystavba Slovenska* [Bratislava], September 24, 1959.)

Plans to link the power networks of Eastern Europe have been brewing since 1956, and were made final at the Tirana session of Comecon in May, 1959. Czechoslovakia and Hungary had agreed in 1958 to harness some of the potential energy of the Danube by building two plants with a total capacity of 490 MW. Czechoslovakia had also undertaken to supply equipment for two thermal stations in Romania, from which it will receive 2 billion kwh yearly. These and other joint efforts in Eastern Europe have now been integrated by a United Power System Pact, created after the Tirana session. The scheme will connect Hungary—critically deficient in electric energy—with the western Ukraine, and Poland with the Kaliningrad system of the USSR (formerly East Prussia). East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia will also link their power grids.

Primary metals—another persistent bottleneck—have also

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* *United Nations,* Economic Bulletin for Europe *(Geneva), June 1959, p. 60.*

* *Polish lignite deposits are concentrated on the eastern border close to the East German "Schwarze Pumpe" industrial complex, at one time celebrated for a novel process by which lignite was made into metallurgical coke. The process proved to produce coke of dubious quality; and later Comecon decisions, particularly promises of more coke and pig iron deliveries, overshadowed this investment.* (The Economist, *January 16, 1960.)*

** *The credits were to be made available r the ten-year construction period with repayment in coal . electric power (at 1.5 percent interest) beginning six years after the credits had been spent. United Nations,* Economic Survey of Europe in 1957 *(Geneva), Chapter VI, p. 31.*

The city of Moscow is buying streetcars like this from Czechoslovakia. By 1965, according to plan, the Soviet capital will have 324 of them.

CZECHOSLOVAK LIFE (Prague), November 1959

received special attention. Bulgaria is reportedly developing its recently discovered iron ore deposits for the benefit of other East European countries, particularly Hungary and Romania. Czechoslovakia has provided machinery and equipment for ferro-nickel extraction in Albania. Bulgarian copper deposits brought Czechoslovakia on the scene recently with equipment and credits for an open-pit mine, an enriching factory and the expansion of a copper foundry. (*Rabotnichesko Delo* [Sofia], November 15, 1959.) The Soviet Union began participating two years ago in the construction of lead-zinc refineries in Bulgaria.

Polish sulfur deposits, Soviet phosphates, and Soviet and East German potash production are under rapid development. Czechoslovakia, in 1957, put $25 million into Polish sulfur mining and processing, taking repayment in sulfur. More recently it has allotted $27.5 million worth of machinery and equipment to East Germany to expand the extraction of potash and the production of potash fertilizer, and again the agreement provides for repayment in the final product. (*Pravda* [Bratislava], January 3, 1960.) East Germany has invested heavily in its sulfuric acid industry in order to provide raw material for artificial fibers which will be exported to the USSR. This is thought to be a compensation for the Soviet investment necessary to supply East Germany with imported oil, pig iron and other raw materials—just as Czechoslovak investment in Soviet iron ore processing is a counterpart to Soviet deliveries of iron ore.*

Another project which has been widely publicized is a cellulose plant at Braila in Romania. Credits from Poland, East Germany and Czechoslovakia will provide machinery and equipment for the production of cellulose from the reeds of the Danube delta. These countries are seeking a substitute for their dwindling timber supplies. East Germany has credited Bulgaria with the capital goods for a straw-cellulose plant which will have an annual capacity of 28,000 tons when it begins production in 1961.

DIVIDING THE WORK

THE MOST INTERESTING and least publicized part of Comecon's current effort is the allocation of industrial specialties among the member countries. The first attempt at this was made in 1955 and 1956, when decisions were reportedly reached covering 27 types of metal products, 90 types of machinery, 23 chemical products and 16 groups of agricultural produce.* Not much actually came of it, partly because of the sweeping changes in economic planning that became necessary after the political upheavals of 1956, and partly because of the cast-iron rigidity of the Communist trade mechanism.

A new attempt was made following the top-level conference of member States in Moscow in May 1958. The decisions reached since then call for specialization within major industries rather than among them. Thus Hungary and East Germany will maintain their steel industries and even expand them, despite unfavorable conditions, although the expansion will probably be limited to the completion of investments already begun. The real specialization will take place in the secondary stage of steel fabricating. Thus at the Tirana conference in May 1959, the members agreed to divide their labor in the production of 70 metal-cutting machines. The number of types allotted to each country was as follows:**

	Before	After
Bulgaria	25	13
Czechoslovakia	—	—
East Germany	64	56
Hungary	20	16
Poland	40	35
Romania	14	6
Soviet Union	—	—

No reductions were made in the number of types produced by Czechoslovakia and the USSR.

For metal-working machines in general, the elimination of duplicate production was more impressive: the number of types produced in all countries together was cut from 3,347 to 2,340 as a result of the specialization agreements.

In many cases the agreements are designed to emphasize historic specialties and prevent the creation of new capacity which would duplicate existing production facilities already under-utilized. This was presumably the idea behind the broad division of labor in equipment-making: chemical equipment principally in Czechoslovakia and East Germany; oil-drilling equipment in Romania and the USSR; heavy-rolling equipment in the USSR and Czecho-

* *United Nations,* Economic Bulletin for Europe *(Geneva), June 1959, p. 64.*

* *United Nations,* Economic Survey of Europe in 1957 *(Geneva), 1958.*

** *United Nations,* Economic Bulletin for Europe *(Geneva), June 1959, p. 62.*

slovakia; small section equipment in East Germany and Poland; and wire-drawing equipment in East Germany and Hungary. Specific items mentioned at the Tirana session followed a similar pattern: in mining equipment, Czechoslovakia and East Germany will specialize in making coal cutters of the bucket-chain type for open-cast mines, while the Soviet Union will concentrate on the single-scoop variety. Czechoslovakia is to be the main producer of chemical equipment, as shown by her long-range production plans: by 1965 the output of chemical equipment is to reach six times the 1957 level. (*Hospodarske Noviny* [Prague], December 14, 1958.) The role of the other countries is exemplified by Comecon's allotment to Bulgaria in the field of chemical equipment: of 141 types of machine in the chemical industry, Bulgaria is scheduled to produce only 4, and output by 1962 "must come to 9,400 tons of which 7,700 tons are for export and 1,700 tons for domestic needs." (*Otechestven Front* [Sofia], October 28, 1959.)

Chemical Plants for Everybody

The Communist doctrine of "all-round development" is best exemplified in plans for the development of the chemical industry, which is the fastest-growing industry in the Soviet bloc. Production in 1965 is to be as follows (in percentages of the 1958 level): *

Bulgaria	380	*Poland*	250
Czechoslovakia	220	*Romania*	400
East Germany	200	*USSR*	280
Hungary	200	*Soviet bloc*	300

The least advanced countries will develop their chemical industries fastest. The reasoning is that in the basic chemical industries there is relatively little advantage to specialization; as an East German publication expressed it, "in order to safeguard a far-reaching overall development of each individual Socialist country, each country is to produce the most important basic materials of the chemical industry." (*Die Wirtschaft* [East Berlin], March 25, 1959.) There will, however, be a division of labor in the stage of final processing. Thus, according to a recent Czechoslovak-Polish agreement, Poland will specialize in the production of thiokol rubber and Czechoslovakia in the production of silicon rubber, while both will produce chloroprene rubber. (*Vystavba Slovenska* [Bratislava], September 9, 1959.) East Germany is to produce previnyl-chloride fiber, polyamid silk and polyester fiber. (*Neues Deutschland* [East Berlin], April 26, 1959.)

Agriculture

The only publicized case of division of labor in agriculture is a simple and natural one: the southern members of Comecon, particularly Bulgaria, have been given the task of providing the others with fresh fruit and vegetables. This assignment, dating from 1957, entails for Bulgaria a 100 percent increase in such exports by 1965 as compared with 1958. Comecon's permanent Commission for Agriculture, housed in Sofia, has directed its attention primarily to improving the quantity and quality of seeds, spreading advanced agricultural technique, and better use of fertilizer. Some progress has been achieved in the specialization of agricultural machinery; for example, under the terms of a recent agreement, Czechoslovakia will supply Poland with potato planting machines, flax combines and electric milking machines, in exchange for grain planters and potato combines. (*Rude Pravo* [Prague], February 10.) Currently, testing of agricultural machinery is going on in the various countries to determine what kinds of machinery are most suitable for each.

* Die Wirtschaft *(East Berlin), April 15, 1959, and* Hospodarske Noviny *(Prague), December 21, 1958.*

One of Bulgaria's specialties is the production of fruit and vegetables for export. It also plays host to meetings of Comecon agricultural experts like the group above, shown at a hothouse in Dimitrovgrad.
BULGARIAN FOREIGN TRADE (Sofia), No. 4, 1959

In the products of the countryside, however, little progress has been made. Hungarian Politburo member Lajos Feher reported on the recent discussion of agriculture by Soviet bloc leaders in Moscow in *Nepszabadsag* (Budapest), February 6. He noted that "every delegation urged that . . . the possibilities of further specialization in agricultural production . . . be studied," but his report dwelt chiefly on "more intensive agricultural production and increased yields." The Yugoslav daily, *Politika* (Belgrade), March 2, stated: "The specialization of production and division of labor in agriculture have been on the agenda of Comecon several times. . . . Yet it is a fact that this question proves more intractable in agriculture than it does in industry."

TIES THAT BIND

IF TRADE CANNOT BE CALLED the engine of integration within the European Communist bloc, it remains of necessity the vehicle for bringing Czechoslovak hydroelectric turbines to Sofia and carrying back the tomatoes and grapes. Trade and specialization are, after all, two sides of the

same coin: as specialization increases so must the flow of goods. In earlier years, when economic planning was based on self-sufficiency, trade between the East European countries showed a relative decline. In the case of neighboring Poland and Czechoslovakia, the percentage share of each in the other's trade varied during the 1950s as follows:*

	1950	1953	1956	1957	1958
Czechoslovakia's share in total Polish trade					
Imports	13	11	10	6	8
Exports	9	11	8	6	7
Poland's share in total Czechoslovak trade					
Imports	9	11	6	4	5
Exports	15	10	7	6	6

Trade is still an obstacle to the integration of the East European countries, rather than a convenience. Cooperation at the planning level will, to the extent that it succeeds, only tend to force more goods through the same rusty funnel of bilateral clearing. The chief difficulty is the lack of a common price system which would make multilateral exchange possible. The need for each country to balance its accounts with every other country means that any deviation from the planned assortments of goods will create surpluses or deficits which take a long time to clear. Great care is being given to the long-range trade agreements now being negotiated among Comecon members and great importance is attached to them (as evidenced by the fact that the State planning chiefs are carrying out the discussions). Prices are being set on an annual basis, and there is talk of stabilizing prices for the same goods throughout the bloc. But these accords are still bilateral agreements, and they still provide for balancing payments two by two.

Despite the payments problem, trade statistics suggest that the work of Comecon is starting to show results in higher trade within the bloc. United Nations analysts have recently noted a "marked rise in the share of external trade in domestic output, especially in 1958 and 1959."** Particularly apparent, even in the most industrialized countries, is the rapid rise in imports of machinery and equipment. In Hungary, 75 percent of the planned increase in imports consists of machinery; and Poland is slated to expand machinery exports to the USSR 30 percent during 1960 as compared with only a 13 percent increase for total exports to that country.

Who Gains the Most?

Official spokesmen insist that Soviet bloc trade is "mutually advantageous" and that no discrimination of any kind exists among the partners. But there is evidence that not everyone in Eastern Europe is convinced of this. The problem hinges upon the terms at which the members trade the products in which they specialize, i.e., the prices they can elicit for their exports relative to what they have to pay for their purchases. In the West, this is usually settled in the market place; but in the Communist system it is settled over a table, and the possibility of taking your grapes and going elsewhere may not exist. The Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia and East Germany obviously have more bargaining power than the less industrialized countries. Those countries stand to gain less than the others even if there is no outright discrimination—and the record of the Soviet Union does not permit the latter assumption. The Poles undoubtedly find it hard to forget the millions of tons of coal shipped to the USSR at $1.25 per ton when the price of coal on the world market was running from $12 to $16 per ton; and the memory problems for the other Satellites are no less acute.

There is no discussion of bargaining power in the press of Eastern Europe, but voices have been raised against the use of world prices as the basis for negotiation. This is said to be unfair because it reflects the higher productivity of the more developed countries. A writer in the Polish economic journal *Gospodarka Planowa* (Warsaw), June 1958, stated that the "differing developmental prerequisites cannot be made equal by means of the widest commercial exchange or coordination of plans, as long as the accepted basis is an exchange geared to world prices." It is necessary, he said, to "switch from the application of world prices to an application of prices arising out of the conditions of the new cooperation in production and investment." A similar attack on world prices was made in the Hungarian journal *Kozgazdasagi Szemle* (Budapest), August-September, 1959. Urging an internationally unified "Socialist" price system, the author said: "We must seek out the value behind the price and the value proportions behind the price proportions."

IMPORTS OF SOVIET EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES FOR COMPLETE PLANTS

[Millions of Rubles]

	1955	1956	1957	1958	1947-1959 Number of Enterprises
Albania	5.5	9.9	9.9	7.2	58
Bulgaria	55.5	51.1	33.6	67.1	45
Czechoslovakia	13.1	7.7	9.1	17.1	8
Hungary	18.0	8.5	4.9	5.3	27
Poland	335.6	150.7	124.2	69.9	68
Romania	71.1	29.2	15.0	39.2	60
China	566.0	867.8	836.1	644.6	291
North Korea	6.9	17.3	26.5	11.2	30
Mongolia	10.9	21.2	26.7	23.3	21

Source: **Vneshnyaya Torgovlya**, (Moscow), September, 1959.

* *United Nations*, Economic Bulletin for Europe *(Geneva), June 1959, p. 73.*

** *United Nations*, Economic Bulletin for Europe *(Geneva), November 1959.*

MONEY AND ASSISTANCE

MUCH OF THE LONG-TERM CAPITAL investment in Eastern Europe has come from the USSR, and there is no reason to suppose that the investment has been unprofitable for the lender. Bulgaria claims to have received 1.5 billion rubles from "other Socialist countries" between 1947 and 1957, 80 percent of it from the Soviet Union. According to an article in *Planovo Stopanstvo* (Sofia), November 6, 1958, this aid constituted "one-third of all the capital investment made during this period. . . ." The article noted that Turkey had received five times as much aid from the West during this period, but took pains to deprecate the usefulness of such assistance.

Since 1956, Poland and Hungary have received the largest amount of Soviet credit. In the years 1956-1959, $300 million went to Poland and $212 million to Hungary, as compared to $131 million to Albania, $50 million to Bulgaria, $105 million to East Germany and $68 million to Romania. (*Promyshlenno-Ekonomicheskaya Gazeta* [Moscow], November 4, 1959—converted at the official exchange rate of four rubles to the dollar.) These figures may be compared to American loans to Poland totalling $296 million during the past four years, of which $235 million may be repaid in Polish currency.*

The USSR is not the only source of capital. If the less developed countries were to have their way, a similar burden would also fall upon the industrialized Satellites, Czechoslovakia and East Germany. In early 1959, Czechoslovak Politburo member Jaromir Dolansky said: "The Czechoslovak Republic considers it an international obligation . . . according to its abilities, [to] further the development [of other Socialist countries], especially by supplying them with machines and equipment, and by eventually connecting these deliveries with long-term credits for such purchases. . . ." (*Rude Pravo* [Prague], April 28.) So far, however, these East European capital flows have been devoted almost completely to raw material development schemes, as a sort of insurance policy against the hazards of shortages like those which arose in the past. The helpfulness of this type of loan depends on the prices the creditor pays for the materials he has invested in.

The most successful form of assistance sponsored by Comecon has been of the technical variety. The exchange of technical documents and personnel, and the export of factory installations, have grown considerably in the past few years. The Bulgarian journal, *Novo Vreme* (Sofia), No. 8, 1959, claimed that in the case of technical personnel, "except for reimbursements for expenses actually incurred, this aid is given free of charge. Patents, licenses and authorship rights are transferred entirely without charge." According to the journal, between 1950 and the end of the first quarter of 1959, Bulgaria had received 2,125 technical documents from other "Socialist" countries, 1,210 of them from the USSR; during the same time, Bulgaria had sent 1,410 specialists to train in other Communist countries (610

** Soviet credits to the Satellites compare with credits granted to underdeveloped areas as follows: roughly $294 million to Syria during 1956 and 1957; $250 million worth of arms to Egypt in 1955; $250 million recently promised to Indonesia.*

Romania's "Electroputere" factory in Craiova builds transformers for shipment to Czechoslovakia, Hungary, the USSR, China and Korea.
RUMANIA TODAY (Bucharest), No. 8, 1959

to the USSR). Equally impressive statistics have been published by all of the member countries. For example, *Neues Deutschland* (East Berlin), said on April 26, 1959, that in the years 1950-1956 East Germany had handed over to the other Communist countries "1,350 blueprints for buildings; 3,200 complete blueprints and drafts for the manufacture of machinery, equipment and installations; and 1,200 manufacturing processes."

Cooperation in the delivery of complete sets of equipment has assumed increasing importance. Trade in these plants, moreover, is not restricted to the less developed countries. Hungary, for example, is to ship 27 complete factories to the USSR during 1960.* East Germany recently built a cement factory, a briquette plant and an ore-processing installation in Czechoslovakia in return for a complete rolling mill installed at the Brandenburg Steel and Rolling Mill. (*Die Wirtschaft*, [East Berlin], October 3, 1959.)

CONCLUSION

The planning and haggling of the last two years seem to have established enough cooperation in Eastern Europe to avoid the extremes of economic nationalism that characterized the early 1950s. But in contrast to Western Europe, where the countries of the Common Market are laying the framework of an international community that is, potentially at least, a sovereign entity, the members of Comecon are becoming increasingly dependent upon the USSR. It is the Satellite countries that are to specialize and to divide their labor, not the Soviet Union. Moscow will be the hub of the new "Socialist commonwealth," and the lines of economic power will reach out from the Kremlin like the spokes of a wheel.

* *United Nations*, Economic Bulletin for Europe *(Geneva), November 1959, p. 45.*

A New Year's Tale

by **VLADIMIR DUDINTSEV**

The Soviet writer Vladimir Dudintsev's 1956 novel "Not by Bread Alone" (published in this country in 1957) caused a considerable stir in the USSR. It was widely attacked for its criticism of bureaucracy and self-seeking among technical and scientific officialdom. After that little was heard from Dudintsev. In the January 1960 issue of the Moscow literary magazine Novy Mir, *however, there appeared a long short story by him; it was speedily reprinted in Poland in two issues of* Nowa Kultura, *February 14, 21. Below is the full text of the story.*

Both in its own right and in the context of contemporary Soviet writing, "A New Year's Tale" is a remarkable work. Its style is at first puzzling, until the ear becomes adjusted to the fragmented juxtaposition of images; there are reminiscences of Poe, perhaps, of the symbolists, of surrealism. Beneath this striking surface the story holds a great cry, half bitter and half triumphant—a cry against materialism and the materialists of the new middle class, against the death of sensibility, against the frigidities of complacence. The note of triumph lies not in the story's "positive" ending, but in the intensity of the cry itself.

I live in a world of fantasy, a dream-world, in a city created by my imagination, where the most amazing things happen to people, and some of them have happened to me. I shall tell one or two of these to you, since on the eve of a New Year people are inclined to listen trustingly to all sorts of tales. I shall speak about the little tricks played on us by time. Time, after all, knows no bounds, it exists everywhere. In the land of the fairy tale it is possible to set our watches according to Moscow time. And this is why I find courage to begin this make-believe story—perhaps there is someone who will become interested in certain of its passages as they coincide with his serious, real life.

A mysterious bird — an owl — flew into our city. It honored a few people by visiting them. The first of these was my immediate boss, the director of the laboratory for the study of the sun in which I work. The next was a doctor, a neurologist, my friend since school days. For the third person the owl chose myself. It is a most remark-

able bird. It would be a good idea to study its habits and to include its picture in zoology books.

By that time I already had to my credit several scientific works about certain aspects of the solar sphere. I had gotten a degree, had participated in several committees as a consultant, and I made a great effort to become, as soon as possible, a serious and respectable man. Imitating the behavior of our outstanding old scholars I learned to carry my head high, as they did, I considered every question presented to me for a long time, and, lifting one eyebrow, I doled out my deep, thoughtful answers in a singsong voice. And one more characteristic — I developed a concern for my expensive overcoat. There are closets in our office and, imitating my older colleagues, I placed there a wooden coat-hanger marked with my initials.

As a man endowed with a few modest talents I developed, on the advice of one of the members of the academy, a habit of writing down thoughts which spontaneously came into my head. As we all know, the most precious thoughts are not those squeezed out laboriously at a desk but those which come to us like a whiff of wind, most often when we are walking in the street. I wrote down these thoughts and I forgot about them instantly. But our stove-woman knew that in the drawers of my desk she could always find mysterious scraps of paper which burn like coal. So she rifled through my desk and used these scraps of paper to start all the laboratory stoves.

Under the armor of respectability there existed in me a naive child (as a matter of fact, it existed also in my boss, who had a doctor's degree). This puffy-cheeked child would sometimes emerge from its hiding place, particularly during those evening hours when we, the bachelors, would sit in our communal room in front of the TV set and with wide open eyes, motionless, as if preserved in alcohol, stare at the legs of football players rapidly rushing by on the bluish screen.

As you can see, I am particularly merciless in relation to myself. I am exposing, and shall continue to expose, many aspects of my character, presenting them quite consciously for your judgment, while being at the same time the most severe judge of myself. It is as if my eyes had suddenly opened—since that day when the owl visited me for the first time. She opened my eyes. I am grateful to her for this.

I saw in an entirely new light, for example, my longstanding argument with a certain Mr. S., the member-correspondent of a provincial academy of science. Five years ago in an article of his he called a well-known published work of mine "an artificial product of lazy deliberations." I was obliged to answer him. In a new article, as if just in passing, I refuted the fundamental contentions of S. and I included, rather neatly, I think, the following sentence: "This is precisely what candidate S. attempts unsuccessfully to prove" (I knew perfectly well that although S. is a member-correspondent of the academy, he has only the degree that I have—the degree of candidate). This article S. answered without delay by a booklet in which, seemingly by accident, he mentioned that I adjust the results of my experiments to fit the theory, and he put the word "theory" in quotation marks. Soon after that I published a longer article about my new observations of the sun confirming the "theory." "The torpedo got the ship right in the middle," said my colleagues. S.' name was not even mentioned in my article—I knew that the enemy would not be able to stand the second torpedo. I wrote simply: "certain authors." But the ship withstood the attack and answered. . . .

And so on. This war, which lasted five years, harmed my nervous system considerably. And it was hard not just on me.

But let us get on. One morning we all arrived in our laboratory, we hung our coats on the hangers and before getting down to work we started, as was our custom, our morning chat. First to speak was the widely respected old director, the doctor. He devoted all his free time to the study of antiquity, collecting stone implements, old coins, books, and I have an idea that it was these interests and not our work that gave full meaning to his quiet life.

"An interesting thing!" he said to us. "Recently, while deciphering some writing on a stone tablet, I came across this drawing." He showed us a white piece of paper and an ink drawing of an owl with large ears. "I was also able to read what was written underneath," he announced proudly. "There was some name and then these words: "He reached the age of nine hundred."

"Yes . . . ," said one of the men in our group dreamily, a sharp dresser and a joker. "I would be satisfied with four hundred. . . ."

"You would? And what for?" suddenly and loudly asked a broad-shouldered, dry, elderly man, who seldom participated in our talks. He sat near me and was different from the rest of us in his—it would almost seem—intentional carelessness in dress, his silence and his extraordinary productiveness. "You are not in a hurry, anyway."

"Dear colleagues, I want you to notice this!" the director raised his voice to indicate that he was interrupted in mid-sentence. "Please observe this! Such owls were found at various times in various countries. In a certain desert there is a tremendous owl made of granite. In our region a picture of this sort has been discovered for the first time. I can proudly say," and here the director melted into a broad smile, "that this owl and this inscription are my own discovery. I dug up this stone in my own garden."

We congratulated the lucky man, we looked at the owl once more, and we went to our respective work-places.

"I must find the meaning of this drawing," said the director. "And then I shall publish the results."

"Perhaps this hieroglyph may have stood for the man who could best utilize his time?" I suggested.

"Possibly. But I must check it."

"But nine hundred years of life!" I couldn't help this exclamation of surprise. "Could such longevity ever be possible?"

"Anything is possible!" growled my robust, always busy neighbor, without interrupting his work.

"What do you actually mean?" asked the director politely.

"Time is a mystery," was his even more mysterious answer.

"Yes, time is a mystery," repeated the director, instantly catching the interesting thought. He took down an hour-glass, turned it over and placed it on his desk. "Here!" he said, looking at the falling sand. "Every moment of our life may be compared to the tiniest grain of sand, to an infinitely minute particle. . . . It is gone in an instant. . . ."

A stab of pain went through me. Once I had lived through several months of sudden extraordinary love, and now these months, as I considered them from a distance, appeared to have been one short moment, became like the small grain of sand that fell in the hour-glass. Nothing remained. As if none of it had ever happened! I let out a sigh. If only I could turn the hour-glass around again!

"Pardon me, chief," my reflections were interrupted by our personnel man. "What about your, if you please, theory? If time is nothing but a tiny particle, we have no heroic past? We have no great solar future?" He enjoyed asking brutal questions in a booming voice, as if he were denouncing someone or about to uncover a serious crime.

"Please forgive me if I did not express myself clearly," answered our always peace-loving boss. "It seems to me, however, that I haven't yet had time to formulate a theory. It is still only a joke, a fantasy. . . ."

"A rather odd fantasy. After all, there is a certain framework. . . ."

"My dear fellow!" suddenly roared our hairy, ever-busy colleague. Everyone looked at him. "New things, like those we are investigating, almost never can be enclosed within a framework." He opened his mouth (as was his habit) and burst into a toneless laugh right in front of his opponent's nose. We recognized a new character trait in our colleague.

For two years we had been sitting in the same room with him, but we did not know him! We only saw that he seldom shaved and that he always tossed his coat on a chair. We noticed that half the buttons were missing on this coat. Lastly, we saw that he did the work of four men. But somehow we had not succeeded in knowing him.

"You know, I think I will tell you an interesting story"—again we heard the voice of our perpetually working colleague. Everybody was amazed—for the first time this man showed the generosity of sacrificing his time to talk with us! I had not expected that the topic of longevity would stir him so much.

"But first I will run to the basement to get the instruments going. We must not waste time," he said, and left quickly.

"He sure is a gloomy one, isn't he?" somebody said.

"Maybe not!" answered the joker. "Sometimes a woman visits him. I live near him. A young woman! Once I bumped into her on the stairway. She was walking without seeing anything in front of her. Love had blinded her."

"You know, he has a most original old watch. It works perfectly and needs to be wound only once a year," said the boss.

"Well then, dear friends!" Our graying, rumpled-up new colleague (we got to know him only today), our workhorse, entered, returned to his desk, and sat down holding his slide-rule. "You say—nine hundred years. . . . But do you know that time can stand still or fly with unbelievable speed? Has it ever happened to you that you were waiting for the woman you loved?"

"Yes, time can move very slowly," said our boss.

"It can even stand still! Do you recall when scientists succeeded in growing live plants from lotus seeds which had been entombed in a stone building for two thousand years? For these seeds time had stopped! It is possible to arrest and to speed up time!" While saying this he calculated something with his slide rule and made notes—he could work even while talking.

"In a moment I shall illustrate my contentions by a story which, regardless of its moral, you will find worth listening to." And as he began his tale he turned, it seemed to me, in my direction, as if his words were intended exclusively for my benefit. "Thus, some years ago, not far, far away, but in our own city, the following thing happened. One Sunday in the park of culture, in one of its shadiest secluded spots, sixty or maybe a hundred well-dressed men gathered for a discussion which they had decided to conduct in the open air. Some time later it was discovered that in our park there had been a two hour conference, a symposium, so to speak, of bandits and thieves who belonged to, as they called it, 'the brotherhood.' These people have their own strict regulations. The breaking of these regulations means a death penalty. To join the brotherhood one must be recommended by two sponsors. A new member of the organization has a tattoo put on his chest—just a few words which immediately identify him as an 'insider'."

"What connection does this story have with our conversation about time?" asked the director gently. "Or perhaps you are not finished yet?"

"I have not finished. There is a very definite connection. I am just coming to it. The brotherhood of bandits' congress passed six death sentences, five of which were carried out. The sixth condemned man has not yet been caught, because matters became slightly complicated. First I shall tell you who the sixth man was, and what was the nature of his crime. He was the leader, the head, the chieftain of the entire brotherhood, the oldest and the most experienced of the bandits. He had been locked up in a faraway prison and undoubtedly it was there, in his solitude, that it occurred to him that he really had not accomplished anything in his life, and that so little of this life was now left to him. His reasoning went as follows: the meaning of a bandit's life is in the acquisition for himself of others' possessions—gold and such riches. The value and importance of riches in a society deteriorates at a disastrous pace."

"Ah, your bandit, it seems, was a theoretician!" the personnel man's voice sounded ironic.

"Yes, he was a thinking man," agreed our odd narrator. I felt that I liked him more every minute. "This gangster, who had done much evil in his life, became more reasonable and started reading books. There is a tremendous power in books! Our bandit read a lot of books. He was

in no hurry to leave prison—the quiet of his lonely cell was conducive to reading and meditation and the members of the brotherhood supplied their chief from the outside with any book he wanted to have, even if it were locked up in the State safe behind seven seals. Yes. . . . This man did realize that the value of riches deteriorates at a disastrous pace. Once upon a time, long ago, magnates and princes used to build high-walled ponds along sea shores and in these ponds they kept moray eels. The eels fed on human flesh—slaves were tossed into the eel ponds. Such an eel, when served at a feast, was considered to be the most exquisite delicacy. But today we cannot think of such deeds of our ancestors without a feeling of horror. Once gold was nothing but a nameless ore, slumbering in the earth. Later man gave it a name and value. It became extremely fashionable to sport gold trinkets, gold armor. But nowadays none of us would dare to appear at a social gathering wearing a large gold chain across the belly, or even a gold pin in our necktie. The respect for gold is diminishing. And what became of the former high status of expensive tapestries? I would bet that today even the most valuable tapestries have gone out of fashion. Exhibiting expensive possessions is today a sign of spiritual backwardness."

"Well, well, and so the bandit dismissed material values! I wonder what is to replace material possessions?" asked the personnel man. He felt somewhat hurt by this tale, because even now he happened to be proudly decked out in fancy tweeds, and his wife, who had once dropped in at the laboratory, wore a heavy silver fox.

"What things? 'Things' differ from one another. Our bandit observed this and began to wonder. He understood that the worship of material things must unmistakably give way to the beauty of man's soul which cannot be purchased for money, nor stolen. We cannot force anyone to love us by threatening him with weapons. Beauty of the soul is gloriously independent. It took over as soon as gold and velvets began losing ground. Today Cinderellas in cotton dresses are victorious over princesses dressed in silks. Because the value of an inexpensive dress is in its beautiful cut, which is not a material value. The style of a dress depends on good taste, on the character of the person who created and selected this model in preference to other models. And it is not a coincidence that many princesses who still retain their souls have begun dressing like Cinderellas. Even if we happen to meet one who is covered with furs and expensive materials, we are not thrilled by the wealth of her costume but rather we avoid such a ridiculous intentional display of moral sickness.

"All this my bandit observed. He also suddenly realized that throughout his life he never had such 'things' as respect from others, as friendship, as real love, but that all his life he had been chasing that which is entirely worthless. Something like a monetary reform took place inside him. Yes. . . ." The narrator's voice assumed a flat tone. He cleared his throat. "And people whose love and friendship he needed existed. He even knew them. . . . There was a woman. . . . But he could not even show himself to her. He could not tell her, he did not dare.

"And so this man described the conclusions to which he

had come in a long letter to his brotherhood. He informed them that he was resigning from his 'post,' joining the society of normal working people, and that he intended, by some outstanding act, to gain what he had not yet found in life and what he suddenly had come to desire with all his, it might be said, inner being. The prison officials printed this letter in a special leaflet. It was, you understand, a document of great importance and it was quite necessary to make use of it.

"Now let us examine the situation in which our chieftain found himself. Throughout his life he had accumulated from various courts sentences of about 200 years in prison, which, naturally, he had not served as yet. He realized that he would never get a parole under the laws of his country. On the other hand, being more familiar with 'brotherhood' customs and regulations than anyone else, he knew that the 'brothers' would never forgive his defection and that a sharp knife was already being prepared for him. But he desired greatly to live for at least a few more years and attain the goal for which he was taking such great risks. And so, before the 'brothers' had time to inflict their punishment on him, he escaped from prison for the last time. He was quite rich, so, as happens in fairy tales, he found doctors who were able to change the skin on his face and hands as well

as on top of his head, along with his hair. They even altered his voice. Such was their professional excellence.

"Our bandit was able to secure flawless personal documents and he became a new man. In three years he obtained degrees from two institutions of higher learning. Right now he is about to reach his goal. He made a very worthy plan, to give humanity a priceless gift. . . ."

"Very well," I interrupted, because he kept looking at me all the time. "But what connection does all this have with our talk? What does it have to do with the fact that time can stand still or fly quickly, or with the inscription on the stone tablet: 'He reached the age of nine hundred'?"

"A most direct connection. This man is now being pursued by the executioners of the 'brotherhood.' He is being pursued with great determination. No doubt he will finally be caught. He has very little time left. Time—do you understand? He wants, therefore, to relive his entire life in a year or two. And if he had lived at that pitch throughout all the years of his life? Perhaps then he would have lived even longer than nine hundred years."

"You are speaking, of course, of the contents of life and not its length?" asked the director.

"It is evident that you are not very economical with time!" exclaimed my neighbor angrily. "But, yes, yes, yes! The contents! That with which we fill the cup of time. It must be filled only with the greatest ecstasies, with experiences of undiluted happiness. . . ."

"Come, come, now you overdo it a bit!" The personnel man spoke up again. "This is praise of egoism in its purest form. You want to be constantly happy, constantly delighting in something! But it seems to me that we also have to work for the good of a group. What do you think, eh?"

"You are backward, that's what I think. You obviously need an education. In your opinion happiness, delight, are a sin, something that you indulge in secretly between the four walls of your room. And work for the good of a group is merely a social duty. By comparison with you my bandit is an enlightened, progressive man. He had tasted all of your pleasures and found them distasteful. Now he knows but one delight—that which you consider to be a burdensome duty."

"Tell me," began the director after a moment of silence. "How do you happen to know all these details? After all, this man changed his face and his name. Surely he is not so stupid as to confide in anybody."

"I am not just anybody to him."

"As a good citizen you should report him to the authorities," announced the personnel man suddenly. "It is your duty. This man committed many crimes and later escaped from prison."

"Never!" answered our colleague. "Never! He is not a bandit any longer. He is not dangerous to anyone. Besides, when he reaches his goal he will voluntarily give himself up." He pulled out his wonderful watch, a heavy round instrument on a metal chain. "Excuse me. I must check the instruments." He started toward the exit, but stopped by the door. "Everyone should think seriously about this story. And particularly you," he added, looking straight into my eyes. "Maybe you can profit from the experience of another man, stop wasting time on trivialities and give up the useless argument with the member-correspondent. . . ."

How could I have known then that life would tie me to this tale, that it would make me its second protagonist, the protagonist's double!

* * *

After about half an hour had passed, wishing to confirm my suspicions, I went down to the basement and quietly opened the door behind which my colleague was sitting among instruments that glittered with glass and copper. The door squeaked almost inaudibly, but my colleague gave a violent leap to the side, breaking several test tubes.

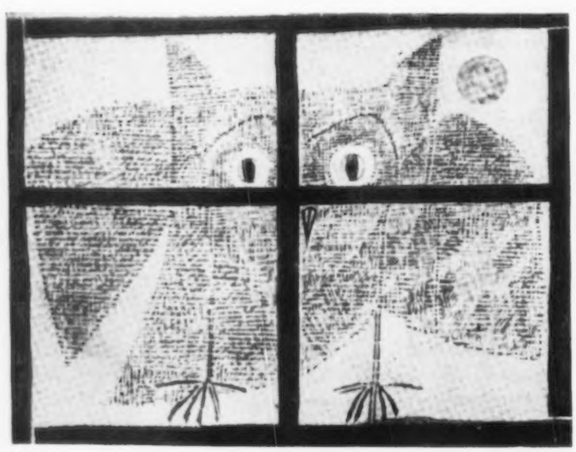
"I'm sorry," I said.

"You want to check up on your suspicions?" he asked, regaining his calm.

"You are careless," I said.

"I am not afraid of you," and he returned to his instruments.

Now that I had confirmed with a certainty what had been only a suspicion, certain other matters (which I have not mentioned so far) became clear to me. For some time before this episode I had noticed that someone, for inexplicable reasons, was greatly interested in me. A shadow constantly trailed me along the city streets, observing me from a distance. I never managed to see my pursuer's face, although his secrecy did not betray the slightest haste or nervousness. As observation posts he (he or she—I could not tell) usually selected dark arcades, courtyards or stairway entrances. He would step straight into the sunlight, but as soon as I reached for my glasses my friend would calmly vanish under the arcade. Several times I would go to the gate or doorway through which the person who seemed to care about me so much had just disappeared, but I did not find him there. Not long ago new, soft, beautifully clean snow had fallen. Late that evening I was walking along a deserted street and I heard steps behind me. Before I could look back I knew: it was he (or she). I turned around and saw something like a cape or the tails of a full-dress suit disappearing into a side street. I started



running after that "something" like a man possessed, but when I reached the corner all I saw was a white, peaceful alley-way and not a soul in sight. I looked down at the snow—there were no footprints. Later, however, I remembered something: in the fluffy snow there were some marks in the shape of a cross, like the prints that would be left by a huge chicken claw.

Now in the basement I told all this to my colleague in a whisper. He shook my hand and said: "Thank you. I have also observed a thing or two. . . . But now go. I must hurry. As you can see, time is pressing. Maybe you too ought to speed things up. Anything might happen. . . ."

At that time we were both engaged in the investigation of the same problem, but our approaches were entirely different. One of us was right, the other was wrong. But the problem was sufficiently important even to be wrong about, if only to open new ways to further investigation. We were searching for a method to condense sunlight. The substance which we hoped to obtain would provide sunlight and warmth to a faraway land whose inhabitants knew no sun. Because rays of the sun never reach one side of our planet. There it is eternal night and eternal winter. The fact that my colleague chose to work on this most important of all problems was to me one more unmistakable proof—he was, indeed, that strange bandit chief who tried so desperately to utilize what time he had left in life. Would he be able to carry out his plan in a year or even two years?

After all, even I, a man who approaches life seriously, even I, year after year, have been going around in circles, perpetually wondering where to begin, mainly because in order really to begin the investigation I would be obliged to put everything else aside and bury myself in work for at least ten years. If only we could get everyone in the laboratory to work on this project! But we ought to thank the Lord that we, at least, were permitted to work on it. We had many adversaries. Virtually all the members of the science committee thought we were fantastic dreamers. Hence the ten years. . . . How, then, can he finish it in two?

But it turned out that this man had not two years but merely a few hours at his disposal. The following morning I had a telephone call from the hospital. My strange bandit had been found, covered with blood, by the entrance to his house (he and I lived in the same place). There were several deep knife-wounds in his back. The entire institute was stirred up, we called the best doctors. But it was too late. Around noon the institute officials were calling the mortuary.

Our colleague's death, which he had almost predicted, had a shattering effect on us. For several days, arriving at work in the morning we would exchange expressive, soulful looks. It turned out also, that I am a man of weak spirit. At first I succumbed to panic and I even lost weight. I could not bear to listen to any conversation which was not directly connected with my work, and for one week I worked very hard.

In a week, however, when I received a new issue of our scientific publication and noticed in the table of contents the name of member-correspondent S., anger arose in me at once and I forgot about everything in the world except this piece of paper covered with printed characters. I leafed through the periodical nervously and immediately noticed a footnote in small print (the most poisonous attacks are always in small print). There, among polite but deadly words, I found my name. Thus my life went on along its usual rut. Paper, paper—who had invented it! I stopped working and, encouraged by all my allies, wrote an article containing not one footnote but three. They were to finish off my enemy once and for all. We composed the footnotes collectively—everyone in the department had a finger in it. If any of you would care to see us at this work I give you this suggestion—go to the Tretiakowsky Gallery and take a look at Riepin's painting "The Cossacks from Zaporozhe." There you will find our whole department—our director, roaring with laughter, as well as me, wearing glasses, sitting at my desk, pen in hand.

I returned to my old, worn path and completely forgot the person who once used to spy on me from behind walls, arcades and doorways. After the previously described sad days which ended with a funeral, the tails of a full-dress suit no longer appeared. I was convinced that I had been watched by one of the bandits who was to execute the man who was now no longer alive.

But soon after I received the periodical with the article in which I answered my deadly enemy S., or, to be more exact, after I was leaving the editor who had ordered another article from me, I suddenly felt with my entire back that someone was looking at me. I turned around but saw no one. Yet looking more carefully I did notice somebody in a half-demolished building—on the second floor in the shadow of a wall there was a dark figure which quickly moved to the side, behind the wall.

On that very day I was to celebrate my thirtieth birthday. I had planned to invite some friends to join me on this festive day. But now, as you can see, in broad daylight an ominous shadow fell upon it.

I returned home and went upstairs. In the communal living room where we watched TV in the evenings my colleague—the sharp dresser and joker—was waiting for me.

"Well, are we going to have fun tonight?"

"I'm not feeling too well," I said. "I guess we'd better postpone it."

"Whoever heard of a bad humor on a festive day like this? Thirty is the best age in a man's life!" With these words he handed me a colorful necktie. "Come on, let's have a little party anyway, okay? I'll knock you off your feet!" And he whispered, "I was able to find a very rare wine."

I must mention that during this conversation I noticed a woman I did not know sitting in a secluded corner. She had been waiting for me for quite a time—in some strange way I could feel this. At that moment she stood up, took a step in my direction—and I did not hear another word of what my colleague was saying to me. She was a woman of about thirty, with sloping shoulders, and very beautiful. Beauty seemed to emanate from the homey, pleasant irregularities in her face and figure and, above all, from her frank, sad eyes. The same beauty was repeated in her gen-

(Continued on page 35)

THE STUDENTS I MET astonished me by their independence and self-confidence, and the benevolent tolerance with which they handled their elders. One day, on a shopping trip, I set my satchel on the counter in a store. It was pounced on by a little old lady in a babushka who had seen a "hair spray net" can inside; she wanted to know whether I would sell it to her, and how much it was. She had no idea what the can contained, and seemed astonished when I took the top off and started spraying the contents on my hair. My student friend told me that she was only interested in the pretty can, which she was quite sure she could sell even if it was empty. She offered forty *zloty*—much more than I had paid for it. The reaction of my friend to the whole incident—which had attracted several other curious bystanders—was first one of annoyance that the woman had bothered me, later one of embarrassment (because he'd never seen anything like it either) and finally one of amusement when he discovered what the can was for. But at no time was he discourteous to the old lady or at a loss for words with me. He simply treated her with an air of "it's all right; we handle this poor tired older generation all the time." It was an attitude that I was to see over and over again when youth were confronted with their elders, and which I had not observed anywhere else in Europe.

A Life of Their Own

In their vitality and enthusiasm for life, Polish students probably differ little from students anywhere; but it is impressive to see how these qualities are manifested in a country where there is little room or time for self-indulgence, where receiving an education and having a good time are relatively difficult, and where there are pitifully few opportunities for a young adult to plant his feet firmly on the ground and watch himself grow. One factor may be the independence that the Polish student acquires at a relatively early age. Most students reside in a "student house" during the school year, and while there are usually four or five students to a room they are not restricted by many regulations. In the summer, the majority go to a student hostel somewhere in the country. Thus they spend very little time with their families. I was struck by the way they tend to segregate themselves. One rarely sees the 19- to 25-year-olds sitting with their elders in restaurants, walking with them in the streets, or attending church with them.

The students I talked to read American authors and American history (one I met could recite the Declaration of Independence), and there were two young students in Warsaw who had an incredible fund of knowledge about the American Revolution. Their enthusiasm for America was manifested in an almost embarrassing way at the international ski races in Zakopane, the big resort town near the Czechoslovak border. It is a lovely town, picturesque and quaint, and very unlike any other city in Poland, although perhaps I exaggerated its attractiveness after driving all night in the middle of winter in a Volkswagen bus with no heater. We had left Warsaw one afternoon about two and we arrived in Zakopane the next morning about nine. We did not stop for the night. Cracow was the only possible stopping place, and when we reached that city at one in the morning the only hotel we knew had closed for the night. Between Warsaw and Zakopane there is little else to hope for: no restaurants or hotels and, in the winter at least, no highways. Whether there was pavement under the snow we drove through was always a question. Several times we slid off what we assumed to be the road; but we stayed in the cold only long enough to lift the poor bus back onto the path. The way was deserted, poor and primitive, broken only by scattered farms and silos in the distance. The desertion would have been almost complete but for occasional wagons bearing a driver and his practically empty load of farm produce for the market, pulled usually by one thin horse loosely hitched to a double oxen yoke. The wagons appeared at all hours of the night; it was a feat to avoid hitting them. In one small village a crowd of at least a hundred people surrounded the car. Whether they had never seen a bus such as ours, or whether they had never seen even a motor vehicle, was hard to say. We certainly saw no other car on the long drive from Warsaw.

Cheers in Zakopane

Zakopane that particular weekend was the location for the first international ski races to be held in Poland since the war. This was the first time that Americans had been invited to participate in any skiing event behind the Iron Curtain. We had brought our top Olympic competitors; Hungary had also sent a team, their first such visit to Poland since the 1956 Revolt. The Russians sent only two participants, and two "coaches"—who didn't ski—to look after them. The Poles had not seen such festivities in the

Babushkas and Knee

town for many years, and they were out to show not only their appreciation for the number of participants (about 200) but also their ability as hosts and competitors.

Members of the American team told me that even the pageantry of the 1956 Olympics had not compared with Zakopane's first night, when all the teams assembled for a torchlight parade down the main street of the town to the stadium. It was difficult to tell exactly what was going on as the teams lined up behind the colorful flag bearers. In the Polish language, unfortunately, Russia follows Hungary alphabetically. Thousands of people lined the streets to watch as the teams marched and cheered—or they did not cheer, and sometimes even showed disapproval. There were cheers for the Hungarian team, disgruntled boos for the Russians (because of the proximity of these two teams the two reactions partially overlapped) and a tremendous ovation for the American team. The event almost turned into a political rally.

The address in the stadium to the participating teams was given in Polish, French, Russian and English. Again the audience could not be quelled when either the American team or the Hungarian team was mentioned. The young people in the audience later clustered around the Americans, begged for autographs, wanted to clasp hands. I saw these same young people two days later in the stores after an American girl had won. Over 5,000 copies of her picture, crudely reproduced on postcard-size sheets, were sold out at 5 Z a piece. The Poles seemed as pleased that we had won as they would have if it had been them.

* * *

DANUTA (IT IS NOT HER REAL NAME) was twenty-one years old, attended Warsaw University and lived at home with her family. With enough room for all, there was obviously no particular reason for her to live anywhere else. Her father is a bank official and is classified as a civil servant, though I daresay that the title does not represent the same thing as the Western equivalent. Whatever his position, the family lives quite luxuriously by Polish standards. Their apartment was far larger and nicer than the others I saw. There were two bedrooms, a large kitchen with a precious refrigerator, two good-sized sitting rooms and a fairly large hallway. The furnishings were tasteful if somewhat dull.

A Fortunate Girl

During her five years of study, Danuta will take English, philosophy, logic, Latin, German and Russian. She is tak-

Socks

It is a lucky Polish girl who has a room of her own. These art students in Warsaw have their own building, but life is a little crowded.

Photo from POLAND (Warsaw), January 1959

A view of the Ciuchy in Warsaw, where second-hand goods from abroad are sold. "It is the only place one can purchase a zipper."

EAST EUROPE photo

ing a course in English history, but has finished her courses in science and Polish history. Her class of twenty is co-educational, although her two hours of physical education per week are taken separately from the men. She claimed to be an accomplished shot-putter, the only sport in which she was particularly interested. She has twenty to twenty-five hours of classes a week for a nine-month period; each lecture lasts an hour and a half. On Tuesdays and Fridays, when there are no classes, she studies all day; her Saturday classes run from 8:00 A.M. until 2:00 P.M. As most men go to technical schools, the girls outnumber the men in her class by seventeen to three, although this ratio changes in the science course where there are more men than girls.

The university is free. Danuta pays for nothing except her books, most of which she does not buy but borrows from the library. She goes to bed at ten or eleven in the evening and gets up at 6:30 or 7:00 when she has bread, jam, sausages, coffee with cream and sugar, and once in a while an egg. She comes home for lunch, as does the entire family. The noonday meal consists usually of soup, vegetable, potato and fruit. Coffee, tea or milk are not served. Supper is at seven or eight and consists of bread and butter, cold cuts of some sort and tea or coffee. (I was astonished that the family could afford to serve coffee twice a day, as it is extremely expensive.) She said she helped her mother in the kitchen "as we have no cook in the family." She and her younger sister, aged twelve, clean the house.

Danuta said she liked the theater, although "tickets are hard to get." They cost her, as a student, ten *zloty;* the going rate is about twenty-five. Her family give her 300 Z per month to spend, which does not have to cover either food or clothes. "I know how much father makes" she said, "so I don't ask for too much." She seldom goes out on a date except in a group of boys and girls who attend a movie. Saturday night is nothing special in her life. On Sunday she watches television after studying in the morning. (I'd like to have seen one of the television programs; until she mentioned that she watched them I was unaware that Poland harbored such a luxury.) There was no mention of Church.

During vacations she goes on working holidays with a group of 15 other students, usually to the northern lake country near the Baltic Sea. Their parents take a month's vacation in another direction, and small children are safely tucked away in government camps. The arrangement seemed to please her. She likes to read the classics, numbering among her favorites the works of Balzac, Dickens and Galsworthy. And she added, "I don't like Francoise Sagan at all." Danuta could easily have passed as an American student commuting from Queens, Long Island, to New York University. Her clothes, a sweater and skirt and knee socks, would not have given her away. But Warsaw is not New York, and for this reason her way of life seemed incredibly complacent, naive and paradoxical. She could hardly be considered a typical Polish student.

* * *

MARIA, WHO LIVES in Cracow and attends the Geological Institute, considers herself pretty much like other Polish students. The eldest daughter of a once prosperous landowner from Lwow, she was shipped off to Siberia at the age of five with her mother, younger brother and grandparents. The Russians had confiscated their property and cut them off from her father who had been on a business trip to Cracow at the time. Eventually, through a relative's connection with General Anders' army, they were rescued and spent the greater part of the war years in South Africa where Maria learned English, which she speaks without an accent. Her father managed to arrange for the return of his family to Poland after the war, but the happy reunion was shortlived. Her father was arrested early in 1950 as an Anglo-American spy; he remained in prison until shortly before the October upheaval in 1956.

"No Vacancies"

As a result of the arrest, Maria's mother was forced to give up their apartment to a Party official and the family retreated to Zakopane. In 1954, at the age of seventeen, Maria returned to Cracow to live with a relative and attend school. She had hoped to enroll in the architectural school, but was rejected when they discovered that her father was in prison for acts against the State. Indignant, she referred her request to the Party only to be informed that there were no vacancies. She then took a six month mechanical drawing course in the hope of eventually being accepted by the university. While awaiting word about her application, she found a job at the Geological Institute through family friends. She remained here until 1956, when an application to the Cracow School of Mining was accepted. Tired of waiting for acceptance at the university, she enrolled at the Mining School to study geology. Friends told her she had been accepted because the educated classes were no longer applying in the necessary numbers to the technical schools. The Communist practice of discriminating againt the old upper classes had created a dearth of students willing and able to enter the technical schools. Maria's examinations were graded the highest of all the applicants to the mining school.

It is hard to picture Maria as a mining engineer for she is an extremely feminine young woman. She wants what every pretty Western girl wants at the same age. She has a tiny flat of her own which she rents for 100 Z a month (including gas and electricity) from a relative who lives in the same apartment building. Maria is pleased to have it: "The nicest thing about it is that it is my very own." She has one small room measuring roughly 6 feet by 10, with a cot, small table and chair, a tiny stove with two gas burners, a small sink and no ice box. (Few people in Poland have any type of refrigeration in their homes; it is quite a sight to walk along the apartment alleys and see the colorful displays of fruit and milk perched on the window sills.)

A window at the end of the room looks out on a courtyard of New York variety, full of weeds. She has two posters on the wall showing the skiing at Zakopane; a bad Rembrandt reproduction is taped to another wall together

with a small Renoir and a reproduction of a portrait of St. Thomas More by Holbein. A crudely made shelf hangs over the table containing her school books as well as English editions of Dreiser, Tolstoy, O. Henry's short stories and a volume of G. B. Shaw. (The books were given to her by her mother who had bought them in France when she had lived there as a little girl.) As with Danuta, the rest of her reading material comes from the library.

For 340 Z, a monthly stipend which she receives from the government as a student, she manages to get by. This is supplemented by the English lessons she gives and by a small amount from home. Out of this she must buy her clothes, food, etc., and pay all expenses. She cannot afford to buy clothes. "I get a new dress every two years or so." An evening dress costs 3,000 Z; she can make a "very nice" dress for 300 Z; nail polish costs 100 Z, a coat is 15,000 Z for a good one. Lunch at the cafeteria costs her about 5 Z per day; movies are about 8 Z for students. Allowing roughly 5 Z per day to cover breakfast and supper, the entire stipend of 340 Z is dissolved in food and rent. But she considers herself relatively well off, because she can teach English and because her family is able to help her out in small amounts.

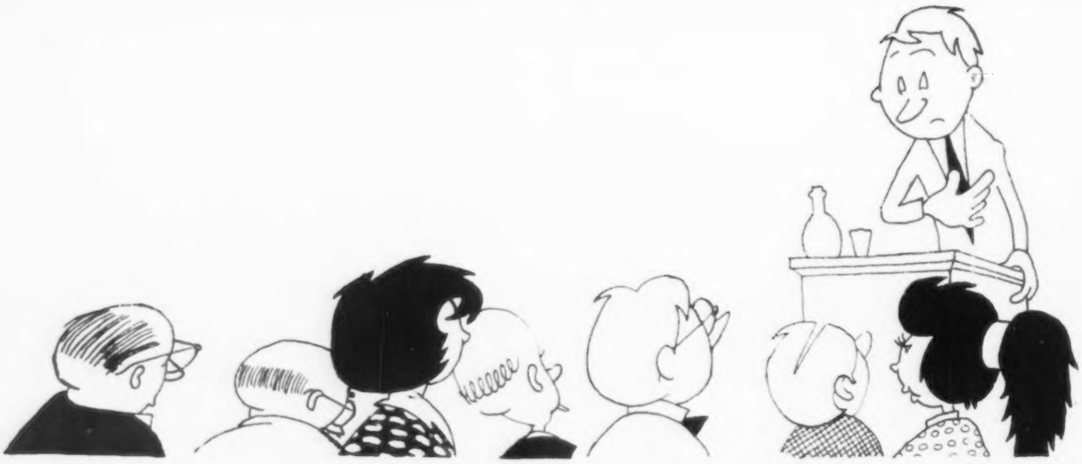
The Ciuchy

Maria was one of many who told me that once a month she goes to the Ciuchy or market place which is the clearing house for packages from abroad. I went to the one in Warsaw, across the Vistula River and about a half hour by streetcar from the main part of the city. It is a vast place of perhaps ten city blocks, containing all the necessary devices for putting things together or taking them apart (it is, I was told, the only place in Warsaw where one can purchase a zipper). I noticed a Brooks Brothers suit in relatively good shape hanging on a rack with German, English and French suits. There were silk dresses, colorful scarves and Coca Cola—which sold at a higher price than Russian caviar (40 Z was asked; but I think they saw me coming). *Zloty* for *zloty*, the Ciuchy contains the best bargains in town—not to mention the best quality merchandise.

Maria's objection to Polish goods is that they are too expensive—"I don't buy what I like; I buy what is cheap"—and that there is no individuality to what one can purchase: "I buy something and then there are thousands on the street." Maria had a couple of old (1955) *Ladies' Home Journals* (purchased at the Ciuchy) out of which she had cut some summer fashions which she hoped to copy when she found the time and the money to buy the material. The West has had its influence. Maria wanted something made of nylon; she longed for a colorful wool dress; and "most of all a bright green coat." She liked Italian pointed shoes. (I sent her a red pair when I returned home, together with nail polish and stockings; but I neglected to use all three before I sent them, and I am afraid she had to pay an enormous duty.)

She picks her friends from many groups because "the ones at school are from a different class and we don't have anything in common." On a "date" she would rather pay her own way because "I know everybody has his own expenses." She will work after marriage because "it's impossible to make a home attractive enough to stay in." She would like only two children because she doesn't feel that her husband would ever be able to find a place big enough to hold more. She is afraid there will be a war with Russia, but thinks "the Americans would never fight against Poland."

Maria considers herself typical of the student in Cracow, though luckier than most in having a room of her own. She thinks the students for the most part are neither intellectual nor very worthwhile associates, because "the good ones for one reason or another didn't get the education they deserved." She is interested in politics because "everyone has to be when it affects all our lives." (Neither Maria nor Danuta are intellectuals in the sense that they belong to or draw friends from the intellectual student clubs.) Maria is concerned about conversing with strangers because she is convinced her father is still under surveillance by the police. She believes in the future of Poland, but like any other Pole who will talk to you about it, she is disillusioned, disheartened and a bit tired because "nothing ever really improves." She doesn't, however, try to dramatize her situation, but with a kind of inner strength accepts life as it comes, hopes for better and is often happy. It is the Marias, it seems to me, whom Poland may need in the future because Maria won't change her mind and be swayed by the politics of the times. She is good and believes in goodness, and for all her disappointment and disenchantment, she will never give up her belief.



"Because I was late yesterday, I am practising self-criticism. But if I criticize myself twice, will you let me be late tomorrow?"

URZICA (Bucharest), July 15, 1958

The New "Comrades' Courts"

"SAFTA VLAS IS A YOUNG WORKER from the Prahova glass factory in Ploesti. She used to be extremely undisciplined," ran an article in a Romanian trade union newspaper. "She was always late, she was careless in her work and very often she was absent without reason. She was frequently criticized for her behavior, and her section chief was forced to take action against her. She was a hopeless case."

Or so she seemed, until her fellow workers showed her the error of her ways. "Not long ago, out of negligence," she left a load of bottles in the oven too long; the bottles were completely destroyed. Her case was brought before the comrades' court. The whole section took part in the discussion. Many of her comrades took the floor. They criticized her severely for all her mistakes, which had caused damage to public property. Her comrades' reprimands made a deep impression on Safta Vlas. She realized then all the errors of her ways, and decided she would correct them." The tale ended: "And now she has become a diligent, disciplined worker and a comrade one can trust. Furthermore, she has prospects of becoming a leader in her work."[1]

Comrades' courts—variously called "social courts," "arbitration courts," etc., in the East European press—are the latest socio-political import from the Soviet Union. They were established in the USSR as long ago as the 1930s, but the institution soon fell into disuse and has been revived only recently in a Soviet campaign to establish a network of judicial bodies outside the existing legal framework to administer what might be called citizens' justice. Along with comrades' courts in places of work, the Soviet network includes similar courts or assemblies established in rural communities and on a civic level, intended to settle disputes between individuals and to cope with "parasitic elements." Although there has been some talk in the USSR of extending the jurisdiction of the courts, they do not as a rule deal with statutory crimes (with the exception of petty theft) but with cases of people who, though not having broken a law, are considered to be acting against the interests of society.

No Soviet innovation goes long unimitated in the East European Satellites. In the last year or two, networks of courts have been set up in several of the East European countries. The newspapers have reported a number of trials, laying stress on the usefulness of publicly airing the "errors" and misunderstandings that form the staple of most of the proceedings.

Early in 1960, the Romanian press described four trials that had taken place in one plant.[2] One trial involved a worker who had bribed a watchman and stolen parts from the factory: "Public opinion was not indulgent. One single violation must shake the people's trust; it was not the first

time that the two men had come to such an arrangement. Both were severely sentenced." Another worker was tried for stealing red paint from the plant for his personal use. His act was judged "unworthy" and he was given a reprimand. Two quarreling workers also appeared before the court which, on hearing the testimony, voted that they should come to terms with each other. The workers themselves then realized that their dispute was foolish and that they were bound by common interest. The fourth case involved a complaint by a female worker called Elena Voicu that two men workers had insulted her: "Their comrades weighed the facts and came to the conclusion that she had not behaved correctly either, and that the three of them had violated Socialist regulations on discipline and harmony in work."

For the Bad Behavers

Comparable trials have been reported in Czechoslovakia, where the competence of the courts has not been defined officially; they exist alongside plant disciplinary commissions run by managment and established in 1957 to expose thefts of Socialist property.* Among the cases heard:

■ A 19-year-old worker was tried for arriving at work drunk, causing a disturbance in the shop and throwing an iron bar at the foreman. The case was taken to the public prosecutor who decided that, because the young man was a good worker, he should be tried by the comrades' court. He received a public reprimand, was deprived of his production premiums for two months, and his act was widely publicized within the plant.[3]

■ Two young workers in the Zarubek Giant Mine in Ostrava were tried for continued absenteeism, having missed 44 and 19 shifts apiece. The court decided that the case should be handled by the mine management "in disciplinary proceedings" and publicized in the plant paper.[4]

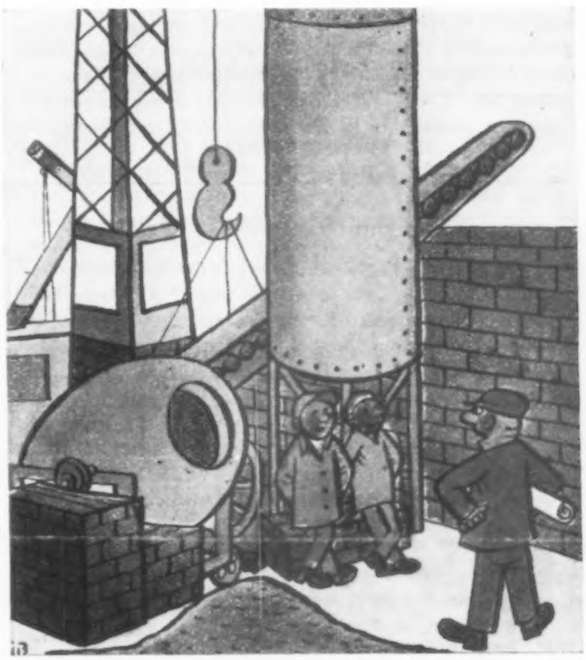
■ Two workers in Prague's CKD Pristroje plant were tried for causing a riot while drunk. The chairman of the Party organization in the shop was the presiding judge, and more than 500 workers attended. The defendants were "transferred"—probably demoted—to other work.[5]

■ Employees in a Prague restaurant attended the trial of four head waiters who had decanted wine into bottles of more expensive brands and pocketed the difference. "The court imposed a public reprimand and proposed dismissal, which the management immediately agreed to. However, the defendants had already volunteered for work in a long-term brigade. The public prosecutor waived the right to introduce criminal proceedings."[6]

■ Four employees of the Plzen Electrotechnical Factory of the V.I. Lenin Works were tried for failure to observe work hours. The youngest defendant claimed that he had a very sick child and trouble in the family, and the court therefore "abstained from punishment." One defendant was "transferred" to another job, and the two others were reprimanded. Two of the employees were trade union officers and were recalled from their posts.[7]

■ A comrades' court on a collective farm in the Krnov District tried a member for embezzling the money he received for his work as a blacksmith and which rightfully belonged to the collective. He pleaded guilty and was let off with a public reprimand and a fine to cover the collective's loss. "The worst punishment was when he had to stand before his fellow workers, when the eyes of those whose joint property he had touched were fixed upon him."[8]

In Bulgaria, the one recorded instance of a comrade's court took place in a village in the Pleven district. The court was established on a collective farm after a visit from the Pleven District Party Secretary, who had demanded: "Why don't you add to the present arsenal one more weapon for fighting against bourgeois rottenness in the consciousness and education of the people?" The judge, who was chairman of the executive committee of the rural council, recalled that a lamb had died recently because of the negligence of two cattle breeders; that a truck driver had recklessly damaged certain farm property; and that another driver had attempted to steal corn from the pig farm. The culprits were arraigned. The cattle breeders admitted that they had not taken proper care of the lamb,



"Why isn't the machine working, comrades?"
"We are waiting until Fero gets hold of a shovel."

ROHAC (Bratislava), January 18, 1960

* *There are signs that the disciplinary commissions are expected to "wither away" once the courts reach a further state of development, but nothing definite has been said on the subject.*

and the court ordered them to pay the price of the lamb, declaring that their carelessness would be announced in the local paper. The other two defendants were also obliged to pay for the damages they had caused. "The sentences were met with approval by the people present. . . ."[9]

JUSTICE AT THE GRASS ROOTS?

IN THEORY, THE CHIEF PURPOSE of the courts is to curb anti-social behavior—idleness, quarreling, absenteeism, negligence, violation of safety regulations, waste, theft, drunkenness on the job, etc.—by public exposure and condemnation of offenders and, even more important, of the attitudes underlying their actions. In fact, as described by Communist officials, the basic function of the courts is "educational": their task is to deter and rehabilitate culprits and potential culprits by having the "majority" of "honest" workers enlighten the "un-Socialist minority" who, faced with the disapproval of their colleagues, are made to see that they are cutting themselves off from the community. The powers of the courts are not very broad: generally, they can censure or reprimand a defendant; recommend his demotion, dismissal, or transfer to a regular court of law; and levy fines in cases of minor theft and damage. However, their most effective weapon is considered to be their open and informal character, and primary emphasis is placed on mass attendance at proceedings.

In the Soviet Union the program to expand "citizens' justice" seems to be part of the trend away from police terror and the old Stalinist "rule from above." The object is to make the people feel that they are running things themselves, and to allow them to handle a number of "misdemeanors" that were previously taken care of by the State authorities. Until 1956, for example, absenteeism from work was punishable by law: this sort of misconduct has now been given to the comrades' courts to handle by "democratic" methods of persuasion.

But the courts can also be seen as a method of regulating public behavior without resorting to the police. In Eastern Europe, where the courts have been established primarily in factories and other enterprises, citizens' justice is clearly aimed at raising labor productivity and cutting the enormous losses caused by thefts of factory property. In 1958, the regular courts tried thieves and embezzlers by the hundreds and, in some instances, handed down the death penalty for major offenses. Punitive action alone, however, could not remedy a situation in which both workers and officials considered fraud and robbery of the government a natural state of affairs and a fair means of compensating themselves for the numerous injustices of the system.* What the Communists needed was a way of preventing collusion between labor and management and of instilling in society an intolerance for such activity. The comrades' courts have been charged with this mission.

MILITARY COMRADES' COURTS IN POLAND

In the Polish Armed Forces a new statute on "courts of honor and comradely courts" has been circulated. It provides for the "independence of court members in their court activities and envisages overall supervision by the Minister of National Defense and direct supervision by officers ranking higher than chairmen of courts." Court proceedings at the "officer, noncom and private level" can be initiated on the motion — "and not on the order" — of commanders, military courts or military prosecutors. The accused has the right to give detailed explanations in his defense and to choose counsel from among his comrades. He can also appeal the court sentences. The courts deal with "infringements of dignity and honor and violations of the principles of integrity and decency."

Zolnierz Wolnosci (Warsaw), September 29, 1959

Needed: "Class Consciousness"

That strengthening work discipline and preventing thefts is indeed the courts' *raison d'être* has not been concealed by the press. The newspapers — except in Poland — have had relatively little to say of the court's supposed value in lightening the burden of the regular courts, or of their significance as bodies which will exercise powers previously exercised by the State. In Romania, the courts have been hailed mainly as a weapon in the campaign to defend "Socialist property": "By their competence, by the sanctions they will apply and, generally speaking, by the way they will work, the comrades' courts will make a great . . . contribution to the fight to educate the working people, strengthen the Socialist discipline of workers, defend common property and increase respect for the rules of Socialist coexistence."[10] Bulgarian Party chief Todor Zhivkov, in a speech early in 1960, declared that "the Politburo has decided to establish in our country comrades' courts which will prevent offenses and help educate citizens in a Socialist attitude toward work and Socialist property."[11] And in Hungary, it was emphasized that the courts should make full use of their powers: "Last year the police uncovered and brought before the law an organized gang of thieves in the Ujpest Woolen Goods Factory. We know how many workers would have been kept on the safe side of the law, if one or two more important cases had been brought before the comrades' courts."[12]

But as a method of social control, the courts suffer from the fact that they must have the support of most of the workers. As Czechoslovak Premier Novotny put it, the courts can succeed only in an atmosphere of heightened "class consciousness." He added: "Naturally, these courts would not be possible but for the fact that, thanks to our Party's social organizations and our State's educational work, a degree of Socialist consciousness and a sense of responsibility toward the collective has been attained which ensures

* *For details, see "The Pilfered Treasury,"* East Europe, *January 1959, pp. 14-25.*

an objective judgment of every case and a corresponding result."[13] In fact, a lack of "Socialist consciousness," accompanied by doubts on the part of many officials, probably explains why, despite the many public words said on the subject, the courts are slow in developing. In Bulgaria, comrades' courts were mentioned by the Party leadership in 1959 and the beginning of 1960, but only recently have efforts been made to establish a network. In Poland, the subject is being discussed in the press, but not very vigorously. In Romania, Hungary, and particularly Czechoslovakia, more headway seems to have been made in imitating the Soviet example, but reports on the courts' "accomplishments" appear to be designed mostly to stimulate greater activity in the face of broad reluctance.

The Romanian System

The way the courts work is shown by a 1958 Romanian decree on their competence and composition.[14] The document, which closely parallels the Soviet arrangement, states that a comrades' court must function in each enterprise and institution, its membership to number between 5 and 15 depending on the size of the enterprise. Members of the court are to be appointed by the trade union committee, with the consent of the head of the enterprise, for a period of one year. A quorum consists of three members, including the president or vice president of the court, and decisions are made by majority vote.

The court's jurisdiction includes: "manifestations" which weaken respect for disciplinary rules in the working field and other acts against the working people or rules of the State, if these acts do not come under the competence of penal law; any thefts, negligence or work abuses which cause damage, if the acts are committed for the first time and if the value of the theft is not higher than 200 *lei;* and insults and blows which do not cause wounds.* Cases can be submitted by written or oral complaint, either by the unit leaders on the advice of the management or by one or several employees. Cases of theft, negligence and work abuses may be accepted only if the unit leader confirms the facts; otherwise, the complainant must take his case to the public prosecutor.

The decree emphasizes that the comrades' courts must take every measure to ensure a fair trial. The defendants must be notified to appear before the court, and only in special cases may a trial take place in the defendant's absence. The court is obliged to listen to all parties and witnesses, make on-the-spot inquiries, and take steps to clarify the circumstances, although from the wording of the decree it appears that the defendants are presumed to be guilty before they are tried. The decree states that trials must include "public debates" in which the employees participate actively and take a critical stand in regard to the defendant's "mistakes": "It is therefore easy to see how educational this type of public session is, both for the defendant who understands the mistakes he has committted when he is confronted with his comrades' disapproval, and for other participants who will try not to commit similar mistakes in the future."

A defendant must be tried and sentenced within ten days after the court is notified of his case, and trade unions—under whose aegis the courts are being established—must do everything to ensure prompt trials and mass attendance at the proceedings. The courts may apply the following sanctions: reprimand with warning; temporary demotion for a period of no more than three months; dismissal and annulment of work contracts; and fines to cover the damage inflicted.

ANOTHER INNOVATION

In addition to the comrades' courts, the Communists are calling for the formation of so-called voluntary detachments of citizens to "help preserve public order." In Bulgaria, the government recently issued a decree on "volunteer" worker detachments which are to contribute to the struggle against "immoral and anti-social manifestations," most particularly thefts of social property. The regime also urged all Party committees and people's councils to advise all mass organizations to inculcate in the masses a sense of social discipline and Socialist legality, and commissioned courts and prosecuting magistrates to introduce open judicial proceedings against the "most malicious violators of our public order in enterprises, building projects, State and collective farms and villages."

***Rabotnichesko Delo* (Sofia), March 13, 1960**

PROBLEMS AND DIFFICULTIES

ALTHOUGH THE PROPAGANDA organs have lauded the positive effects of the courts, they have also been critical of their functioning. Judging from the tenor of the criticism, the courts have not been as successful as often claimed. In Hungary, it is now the policy to insist that before the 1956 Revolt the comrades' courts flourished by the hundreds.[15] (A decree setting up the courts was issued in May 1956, but there is no evidence that they spread very widely before the Revolt.) The assertion is probably no more than a myth intended to bolster the courts by citing "valuable" tradition. In the post-Revolt period, only 25 courts have been mentioned in the Hungarian press. Eight of them existed only on paper; seven did good work; and six were reported unsatisfactory or poor. The main trouble seems to be that nobody wants the courts. One Hungarian commentator declared: "In more than one factory . . . the comrades' courts have never tried a single case."[16] When the courts do try cases, they often act under pressure from management which, in turn, is being pressured by the

** The courts do not try individuals in "responsible" positions who have been appointed by the ministries. Such individuals are to be disciplined by the ministries through "existing channels."*

Party. In the long article on the subject, the main Hungarian Party newspaper described some of the problems:

> "At many enterprises . . . the courts were merely reorganized after the counterrevolution, but they haven't much to do—even though there are cases and abuses . . . where it would be more useful to come to decisions in a democratic way, that is, with the inclusion of workers. . . . Punishment is inflicted by leaders, but they do not avail themselves of the help of the collective. . . . The functioning of the comrades' court is not yet mature; they commit mistakes. . . . Superficiality, the slightest distortion of facts, the vindication at all costs of the administrative viewpoint, easily create antipathy and dissatisfaction in the workers and in the leaders. Where only the most serious and incurable cases in the factory are brought before the collective, the work of the . . . courts is led in the wrong direction. An even worse practice occurs . . . when some minor fault is overexaggerated and when people upon whom an educational word would have had more effect are castigated in public. One must not allow public opinion in factories to see the comrades' court as a harsh penal institution, but—and the Communists in the trade unions and the Party organizations can do much in this respect—the courts must be democratic bodies whose goal . . . is to prevent greater trouble and to educate. The social judiciary body which has such a spirit can, with a single public reprimand, achieve a greater effect than any kind of stiff directorial disciplinary action." [17]

This involuted talk is typical of other criticisms of the courts. There seems to be great resistance to public trials; many of the trials are evidently conducted under duress, and instead of being "comradely" tend to imitate regular court proceedings. In Romania, for instance, the trade unions have been strongly rebuked for failing to publicize court sessions:

> "[Because of the trade unions' neglect] . . . court sessions take place in a so-called intimate circle at which only 2-3 people are present, and sometimes not even that many. This was the case at the May 1 plant in Ploesti. . . . That means that the cases [though justly conducted] have proceeded without mass participation . . . and the trials have been stripped of all their educational value. . . . What prestige does a comrades' court enjoy when the majority of workers do not know of its existence? By not fulfilling this duty, the trade union committees showed that they did not understand the real meaning of the comrades' courts, which is not only an organ for applying justice but also, and above all, a school for the moral and political education of workers." [18]

"We Must Talk Things Over"

In Czechoslovakia, the formality of the procedure in most comrades' courts was criticized as hindering the courts' educational effects. Too often, it was said, the court chairman adopted a cold, official tone, and said, "Accused, step forward," instead of saying what he would have preferred to say—that is, "Now, Jack, we've got together to talk things over":

> "Why must the comrades' court proceedings be like those of the State courts? As some participants in the meeting [in Hradec Kralove] said, some cases even had a prosecutor and an attorney. And so a man who is guilty of a minor offense stands before his comrades as before strangers. But this is supposed to be a comrades' court; . . . cold voices have no place in it; a prosecutor and defense attorney are quite superfluous. . . . If a man is guilty of an offense against his pals, let him . . . be accused by the whole collective, and let that same collective be his defender and judge." [19]

Even more indicative of the general hostility to the courts are complaints that they try only insignificant cases and have done little to uncover and combat theft. With neither managers nor workers willing to cooperate in the exposure of looting or embezzlement, the discovery of such crimes is, as before, left largely to the police. This preference for the *status quo* was implied in the following criticism which appeared in a Czechoslovak newspaper:

> "Our comrades' courts are only at the beginning of their activity and it is natural that they still face difficulties. One of them is that, with few exceptions, nothing has been discussed—at least, in the Plzen region—but unexcused absence, late arrival at work, or drunkenness. . . . This is caused, among other things, by the fact that the cases are, in their majority, passed on to the comrades' courts by the district attorneys, plant militias and organs of public security, and only in isolated cases do suggestions come from the working people themselves." [20]

In Hungary, the same complaint was voiced more bluntly: "It is important that hostile elements or those hopelessly contaminated by them be excluded from positions of public and economic life, above all from important positions. The fact is that a large part of the thefts, corruption and bribery in factories are discovered by the police, although if the director, chief accountant and respon-

"What became of Malinowski?"

"He's changed jobs. He used to steal in the shoe store, but now he steals in the tailor shop." SZPILKI (Warsaw), May 17, 1959

Comrades' Courts in Hungary

■ "The resolution on the creation of . . . comrades' courts . . . made it possible for us to mobilize all of society against waste, squandering or plundering of social property, against violations of work discipline. On the basis of this decree, it became the task of economic leaders to initiate disciplinary or comrades' court proceedings instead of judicial proceedings against those who violate work discipline or damage social property." *(Nepszava* [Budapest], March 14, 1959.)

■ "The speakers themselves will condemn the irregularity or offense committed by the person against whom proceedings are being conducted and the offender will thus see that by his act he has placed himself not only against the law, but against society itself, his fellow workers. . . . This undoubtedly will have a serious restraining effect not only on those brought to trial but also on others." *(Kozepdunantuli Naplo,* February 8, 1958.)

■ "The role of the comrades' court is primarily of an educational and not a punitive character. The example of minor acts committed by workers who went astray will be a lesson to people who have not yet committed such acts." (Radio Budapest, March 3, 1959.)

■ "Those who pass judgment on the mistakes, errors and blunders of others, must be publicly known for their honesty, sense of justice, good conduct, consistent principles and impartiality. It would be useful if workers who were people's assessors and already experienced in hearings . . . were chosen to be members of the comrades' courts." *(Nepszabadsag,* February 9, 1958.)

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sible authorities would pay attention . . . the majority of abuses might be exposed by them."[21]

The Communists maintain, nevertheless, that the courts have made a significant impression on workers and contributed to the reduction of dishonesty. In a Hungarian machine plant a worker was asked if he wouldn't have preferred being fined 1,000 *forint* by the foreman to standing before 150 co-workers and describing his "criminal dealings." The worker allegedly answered that "if one looks into oneself and feels that one is guilty, then it does not matter at all if one is punished in this way before others, who also can learn something."[22] The court in the machine plant evidently had "developed to such a point" that one of the accused workers deliberately did not come to his trial, saying "that he would rather sign his death sentence than figure as a defendant before the general public." Altogether, the theory is that "in plants where social courts operate regularly . . . the damage caused to social property continues to decline."[23] In Czechoslovakia it was claimed that, partly because of the courts' achievements, the number of workers tried by the regular courts had dropped by 5,000 in the last quarter of 1959.[24]

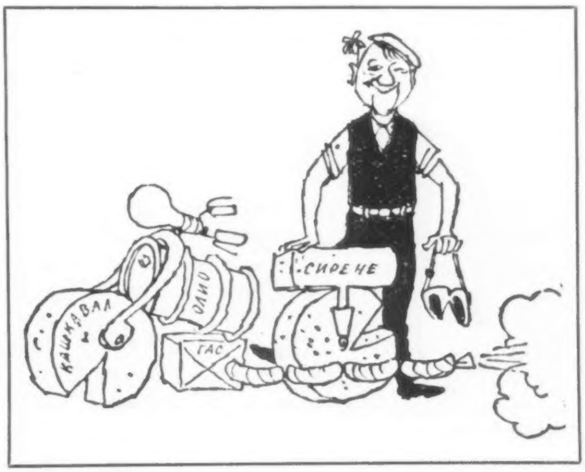
What the Poles Say

In Poland the disciplinary character of the courts has been minimized in press discussions. Instead, the accent has been placed on matters of jurisdiction and independence and the value of citizens' justice in lightening the burden of the regular courts, and doubts have been expressed by both officials and professionals as to the virtue of transferring legal powers to people untrained in legal procedure.

One enthusiastic article asserted that by establishing both "social" and comrades' courts, trials could proceed more quickly and more cheaply:

> "Cases of privately lodged complaints, popularly known as 'rows,' occur by the thousand every month. They constitute 30 percent of all the cases in the district courts and their number is estimated at 150,000 a year. As a result, district courts staggering under a load of 'rows' cannot pay swift enough attention to more serious matters. It might be useful and sensible to exclude all private complaints from the jurisdiction of the regular courts and direct them to, let us say, social courts, especially created for that purpose. . . . Aside from rows, another plague . . . is the number of small thefts and frauds, especially in trade and factories. Thousands of these cases flow into the courts from every side. The procedure is too slow, and the costs disproportionately high, often surpassing by far the initial extent of the claims sought in court. Is it impossible for employees of a given institution to deal with petty thievery themselves? Arbitration courts could be set up in enterprises by the trade unions, and employees could choose the members of such a court from among their colleagues. . . ."[25]

In opposition to this viewpoint, a member of the Society of Polish Jurists asserted that the regular court calendars would not be lightened in this way, because the regular courts probably would have to be used as courts of appeal. He also denied the wisdom of entrusting the citizens' courts



This Bulgarian cartoon, entitled "The Storekeeper's Motorcycle," shows how some people profit from stealing public property. This man made his motorcycle from stolen cheese, sausages, kerosene, etc.

STURSHEL (Sofia), August 1, 1958

"Stop! You left the lights on again."

LUDAS MATYI (Budapest), January 23, 1958

with cases of "lesser importance." There were, he said, no greater or lesser cases; all were equal, because every case touched upon some aspect of life; its outcome often had a serious effect on the future of the people involved. Above all, he questioned the impartiality of citizens' courts:

> "The conditions and environment within which these courts would act would not favor the development of impartiality. It should be remembered that every community, especially those in rural areas, is woven with an intricate network of dependencies and interests, kinships, friendships and acquaintances, while, on the other hand, numerous groups within it are, in turn, separated by various antagonisms, conflicts and prejudices. . . . Could the judging panel of a social court maintain its impartiality while remaining—as it would—under the constant pressure of such influences? Of course it would be difficult, if not downright impossible."[26]

Poland's Minister of Justice Rybicki took a cautious attitude, saying he favored "soliciting the participation of social factors in the administration," but also pointing to the dangers that ensued "whenever beautiful and correct concepts are placed in the hands of real people acting under specific conditions and in a specific moral climate." Because of this, Rybicki said, the experiment needed not only "boldness of conception but also a considerable dose of careful thought insofar as implementation is concerned."[27] Apparently, the Polish government has decided to proceed slowly, and at this stage it is not clear how far it will go.

Even in the USSR, citizens' justice has not been an unqualified success, and it is not inconceivable that it may eventually be abandoned. The Soviet press has noted glumly that workers cannot always be relied on to administer justice and often band together to defend wrongdoers. (One instance of this occurred when two Leningrad officials were tried for stealing 54,000 rubles' worth of "Socialist" property: "It would seem that the shop collective should have denounced the thieves . . . but the relatives and friends of the plunderers came to the shop. What didn't they do to arouse the workers' sympathy! And however strange it may seem, the collective, without making a serious study of the circumstances . . . decided to request that the accused be granted bail.")[28] And, among their objections to the comrades' courts, members of the Soviet judiciary have opposed the transfer of legal powers to public organizations, arguing that the laws pertaining to citizens' justice are imprecise and contradictory.

MILITARY COMRADES' COURTS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

In Czechoslovakia, as of May 1, 1960, military comrades' courts are to be established to "strengthen Socialist morality and fortify military discipline." These courts, elected in the Armed Forces, will handle "offenses against the principles of Socialist co-existence and cases of irresponsible approach to the fulfillment of service obligations." The activities of the military courts will be directed by the Ministry of National Defense and the Ministry of the Interior, which latter has been commissioned to issue detailed regulations on the courts' organization and jurisdiction.

Collection of Laws of the Czechoslovak Republic for 1959

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CHINESE LITERATURE, Peiping, July 1959

"The Music of Heroes"

Yugoslav correspondents in Communist China remain an invaluable source of information on developments in that half-hidden world. Below is a Peiping dispatch, from Borba *(Belgrade), February 16, describing the cold winds in Chinese literature.*

THIS IS the official [Chinese] attitude: "As long as imperialism exists, it is possible for its ideology to reflect itself in our country, too, and that is why the class struggle cannot be ended. And as long as the influence of the bourgeoisie in this country exists, revisionism will always make its appearance. That is why we must fight incessantly against it and eliminate it." So *Red Flag* and *People's Daily* wrote on January 11 and 13, 1960, respectively.

In accordance with this, articles criticizing manifestations of "revisionism" in China, especially in the literary, artistic, and scientific fields, have been appearing in the daily and periodical press with increasing frequency of late. . . .

What are the sins of "revisionism"? What are, in the official view, the manifestations of "revisionism" in literature and the arts? Here are the answers which we find in the first issue of the periodical *Literature and Art* for this year:

"They (the revisionists) propagate bourgeois humanism, a theory of human nature, human love, and other views, so as to blur the class line of demarcation and oppose the class struggle; they propagate idealism as opposed to materialism, individualism as against collectivism; they deny the educational role of literature and the arts, proclaiming the slogan of 'writing the truth'; they oppose the service of literature and the arts to politics, quoting the distorted view that 'art is politics'; they champion the 'freedom of creative work' and oppose the principle that the Party and the State should direct literature and the arts."

Or again, in somewhat more closely defined terms: "The revisionists, like the rightwing opportunists, are anxious to frighten the Party and the masses by telling them that in our contemporary works of art there is no art." "They describe the Communist ideals reflected in our works as 'political doctrine, which is dry as dust.'" "They are not interested in the new circumstances and things which are making their appearance in the great leap forward, saying that there is nothing to write about, and when others write about it they say it does not correspond to the realities of life." "They propagate in their works and literary criticism the spirit of 'humanitarianism' and attack our works for 'lacking human feelings' and being 'full of political odor'."

The above-mentioned humanism constitutes the chief target in the attacks on domestic "revisionism." For instance, a story is criticized which the Author Pa Chin published as long ago as 1957 because in it the author "speaks at length on human feelings, reflecting a bourgeois standpoint," and in this connection it is said: "Pa Chin says that human feelings are common to all people and that this common feature ought to underline literature and the arts. But he should know that the bourgeoisie has its own bourgeois human feelings, and the proletariat has its own. These two cannot be combined."

A characteristic example of the things here deemed to be bourgeois humanism, individualism, and altogether a "revisionist ideology" is shown in the criticism of the story "The Music of Heroes" by the young woman writer Lui Chen. The story deals with a youth who has grown into a hero in the struggle against the Japanese invaders. He put up a valiant show in battle, was surrounded but refused to surrender and died a hero's death. When the girl who loved him learned about his death she felt at that moment, the authoress writes, that for her the world no longer existed.

The whole story and the basic idea to which it gives expression is really one profoundly humane indictment of war, of its horrors and misfortunes. The critics, however, consider that it has an adverse effect on the reader because the author adopts an incorrect attitude toward war. That is to say, the author is against war generally, but forgets that there are just and unjust wars. The young author "fails to praise revolutionary war, but propagates pessimistic and defeatist ideas and the bourgeois ideology of peace." The critics likewise think that the girl's reaction to the news of the death of her beloved is improper and has no educational effect on the reader. This reaction "indicates the author's view that personal happiness is above everything," whereas to a Communist "individual happiness must always be linked to the collective and the whole. . . ."

"Nails in the Brain"

"Nails in the Brain" is the title of a column of comment, opinion, sarcasm, irony and invective that appears in the Cracow weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny*. It is written by Stefen Kisielewski (who signs himself Kisiel), a long-time journalist and at present a member of Parliament. *Tygodnik Powszechny* is a Roman Catholic publication and Kisiel is a leading voice of the so-called Znak group of Catholics, who are generally "liberal" in policy (as opposed to the Stalinoid PAX faction), but who believe that the country and the Church must take cognizance of "the Polish reality" and work with the Gomulka regime despite ideological differences. The Znak group is often critical of Gomulka's policies when they veer, as they seem increasingly to do, from the relatively libertarian line of "the Polish October"; the group's Parliamentary leader, Stanislaw Stomma, recently warned Gomulka of the effect of this withdrawal on the Polish people. (See *East Europe*, February 1960, p. 11.)

Below are three representative samples of "Nails in the Brain."

Stefan Kisielewski
PRASA POLSKA
(Warsaw), February 1957

How Are Things in Poland?

One of the most amazing characteristics of Poland is the fact that it is very difficult to say exactly what it really is like here. It's a country-chameleon, it's something intermediary and specific, or, in other words, "neither this, nor that." A country of contrasts and unusual paradoxes, a country that is charming, and at the same time horrible, deep and shallow, passionately patriotic and just as passionately concerned with private matters, boldly heroic and simultaneously devoid of any public courage, a country hypnotized by its own belly-button and yet embarrassingly incapable of solidarity, intelligent and talented, but still unable, at times, to comprehend even the simplest things. And add this: a nation that is damnably variegated. One can say that the Germans, French or English are such and such, but the Poles—every definition will immediately come upon its counter-definition, every argument will have its counter-argument. So, finally: what is Poland really like?

Foreigners get along fine here (in contrast to those who live here, someone will say). We meet a lot of foreign journalists in Warsaw; they are smitten with the charm of Polish life, its warmth, directness, grace (hear, hear, gentlemen!), and the national intensity. When I tell them this is not such a bed of roses at all, that life here is difficult, wages small, conflicts sharp, they just smile tolerantly. Those are mere details, they say, with such psychic richness and youthful spirit you will be able to manage everything. They are truly enchanted; they even like our malcontent attitude, because in their countries there is none.

It is strange that what is really specific and blessed with charm in our present Polish life cannot find its way into works of art, books or films. Oh, yes, we're pretty good at recreating a "rapacious" Faulknerian free-for-all—but to depict that warm aspect of Polish life, slightly ridiculous and childish but full of inimitable charm, that "local color" on which the French and Italians have capitalized to the hilt—that we cannot do. . . . If the French can immortalize in song and film even the tattered "clochards" who spend their nights along the banks of the Seine, and by so doing add yet another feather to the cap of that world-wide snobbery on the subject of "Parisian charm," then why should we not publicize our Polish charm that is so highly valued by all foreigners visiting Poland? Hell, there must be some sort of charm in this country, otherwise we wouldn't be making so much fuss about it. . . .

Today's Poland is a Country of Great Adventure; however, it is an adventure that is difficult and hard to explain to anyone who is on the outside and does not experience it. Moreover, this adventure is broken down into thousands of paradoxical and variegated fragments and details, and we know well that the world is reflected in a different way in every sliver of a mirror.

Personally, I search and search for some sort of a synthesis, but despite everything I do not feel that I am ready for it yet, as the emigre "synthesist"—carefree in his self-satisfaction—appears to be. I travel by train all the time and listen to what people are saying. I sit in on various committees, councils and groups listening and listening. I read all kinds of statistical bulletins, economic plans and comparisons and strain my eyes for a change. Finally, I talk, talk and talk to the point of tongue paralysis. And all in all, I wonder greatly. I wonder at the paradoxes and I also wonder at the vitality.

The paradoxes are all over the place. I read in *Swiat* [illustrated Warsaw weekly] that Poland has manufactured the most modern and detailed uniform for outer space pilots, every bit of it made in Poland, helmet and all. I know that we make excellent electronic brains and that England recently placed an order with us for the production of the latest type of turbo-generators. And at the same time, one wants to scream and howl at the sight of the young ladies in a small post office in the center of Warsaw, who are unable to cope with the sale of stamps, or workers taking a whole week to fill one hole

in the pavement, or the facilities in a Warsaw "self-service" food bar, or how no one thinks of removing a huge mound of garbage from in front of a building in the "representative" section of Warsaw, or how a newly manufactured car sprouts leaks. What are we then: adroit or clumsy, diligent or lazy, exacting or sloppy? Here a superintendent or cleaning woman makes barely a couple hundred *zloty* a month and over there some characters are having a tug-of-war over a TV set or refrigerator or rushing off on expensive Orbis tours. Here a retired man, abandoned by his family, is counting the pennies in his pocket, and over there "bribe-takers" are handling hundreds of thousands. Here we recite poetry on the subject of patriotism and the nation, while over there I see with a blush of shame the brutal treatment accorded the weary and miserable repatriates by the "natives." Here we make plans with perspective and over there whole cities go to pot because no one bothers with repairs or conservation of the sewer system. Here a worker fresh from the countryside is given an apartment in a big Warsaw housing development, and over there an engineer par excellence, an expert in demand, is unable to receive permission to live in Warsaw. Here industrialized southern Poland is building and growing, brick village homes boast of TV sets and motorcycles, and over there, in the north, less than 100 kilometers from Warsaw, people still live in sodden chickencoop-like huts without any electricity. And so on and so forth.

A strange picture, a difficult picture, a tortuously paradoxical picture. And there's no one here that's holy and also no one who's all the way to blame: neither the authorities nor the citizen, neither the nation nor the State, neither the peasant nor the intellectual. Blame and innocence, diligence and laziness, honesty and dishonesty, social instinct and egoism—all are nicely criss-crossed above and beyond the traditionally routine divisions, and there is no place here for a hasty synthesis nor all-black or all-white fairy tales. All of this is a new adventure, which, although at times frightening, is always fascinating. Because neither from near-by nor far away can we see clearly what is happening in Poland, all that we know for sure is that something is seething and popping in the cauldron, something is boiling and frying. And what? In my opinion, a new, uniform version of of the Polish nation, an ordinary nation. . . . There are many battles, difficulties, controversies, disputes and transformations still ahead of us, but the picture is not dull, it is confusedly active, complicatingly fertile—something important will come of it—it is not a petrified epoch in the life of the nation —it is an epoch of growing appetite and intensified circulation. And that is why we believe that our place is at the cauldron and that is why neither Australia nor Canada is on our minds, but Poland—the Poland which abounds with that frequently painful charm of youth. (MAY 31, 1959.)

Rys. STEFAN PAPP

TYGODNIK POWSZECHNY *(Cracow), November 29, 1959*

Words Thrown to the Wind

NEARLY A YEAR AGO, in July 1958, I wrote an article, "The Death of the Weeklies," in which I explained the reason for the unavoidably approaching throes of death of the so-called "social-cultural" periodicals. Now, a year later, Dariusz Fikus has written the very same thing in *Polityka* ["The Weekly in the Face of Crisis", No. 21.]

The very fact that after a year's time it is possible to write an identical article on an identical subject answers the question why public interest in the "social-cultural" weekly periodicals is flagging. It is flagging because the public suspects that, from a concrete and practical point of view, *nothing happens* in the matters the weeklies write about. Therefore the reader has turned to popular magazines, whether recreational or specialized, as the result of whose writing nothing *can happen,* because they promise nothing more than they can give and they give concrete entertainment or information.

The thing is that in the past our weeklies have managed to get—perhaps unnecessarily, perhaps on credit—the reputation of heralds of coming changes, or at least of being competent litmus paper. Do you remember the fascinated attention with which the Lodz *Kuznica* was read at one time? The reader knew that there he would find formulated the ideological goals in accordance with which the life of society would be shaped. With similar fascination people followed the debates which filled the pages of periodicals in the years 1955-57. It was felt that these debates were closely connected with the problems and changes of our lives. For the same reason the difficult and rather specialized *Argumenty* is so surprisingly popular: the readers are inclined to think that the theses presented there are not of an abstract character, but rather that they signal a concrete social or political action.

And other periodicals? Unfortunately, the general opinion is that they are nothing but words thrown to the wind. I believe, however, that such weeklies as *Przeglad Kulturalny, Nowa Kultura, Zycie Literackie,* are lively, interesting, often contain outstanding works; that they are filled with more authentic (though often not noticeable from a distance) ferment than their counterparts in France or England. And yet, the reader, discouraged by their lack of influence on reality, does not want to read them and maintains that what he needs is entertainment and information; as for thinking, he can do that on his own. As a result, the weeklies are left merely with their basic readers, namely, those who are primarily interested in the literary-artistic life. On such readers, however, one can only

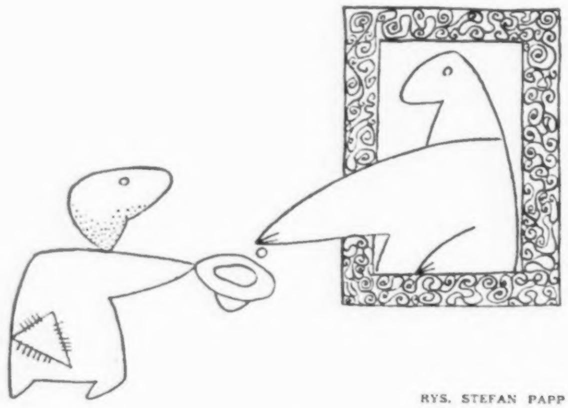
base a circulation of 10 to 25 thousand at the most (which, after all, is only natural). On the other hand, all the mass recipients are eliminated. Still worse, this special recipient, discouraged as he is, will not read periodicals such as *Polityka* or the excellent *Zycie Gospodarcze* because of their primary stress on social and political topics.

To illustrate the matter of "words thrown to the wind," here is an example from my own back yard. In the last issue of *Tygodnik Powszechny* we published an excellent article by Zenon Przybylski, "The Clever Sardine", which describes the "structural-organizational" paradoxes of our fish industry. A simple, unsophisticated reader would start thinking: the article is sensational; certainly the proper government authorities concerned with the fish industry will become interested, will look into the matter and, if the author is right, the organization of our fish industry will be changed radically. This is what the ideal *naive reader* would think. But today's bitterly realistic, wised-up reader (a native "angry man") feels that the rules are as hard as steel and that no power on earth, particularly the power of the written word, can change them (it can, at the most, try to get around them); that the fish officialdom does not read our weekly press, particularly *Tygodnik*, and that therefore it is futile to write, and, much less, to read such articles—how much better to look at a picture of something silly but pleasant, for example Brigitte Bardot, than to read a serious but abstractly futile article. Well, what can we say to this?

Yes, today's reader does not enjoy "the press of wishful thinking." He wants to see results, however small. Hence . . . the popularity of such features as the queries and complaints box in *Express Wieczorny* or the telephone question service in *Zycie Warszawy*. Here the results are realistically tangible—this gives society a healthy, strong tie with the periodical.

One more word about *Tygodnik Powszechny*. Being a social and cultural publication it is also, to a certain degree, subject to the crises of the weeklies. Only to a certain degree, because it is primarily a periodical of a broad ideological character, based on a system that is two thousand years old. Our aim is to strengthen this ideological viewpoint in our society and in this way we are outside the crisis, since no one expects that anything concrete and material can "happen" as the result of our activity. But whenever we venture into social or political matters we automatically enter the general problem of the weeklies. Some readers even hold it against us when we join the "press of wishful thinking". But we consider it our duty, in accordance with the maxim "nothing human is alien to us."

Someone will say that I am painting too negative and pessimistic a picture; that according to my reasoning the readers of periodicals are men of purely practical and limited interest who search only for pleasures. Well, much could be said about it—right now, however, I don't intend to apply any measuring scales. "I do not condemn, nor do I praise, I only report," as Talleyrand used to say. This may be a sad picture (sad from several angles)—but, I think, a true one. (JUNE 14, 1959.)



RYS. STEFAN PAPP

TYGODNIK POWSZECHY *(Cracow), June 14, 1959*

For Future Generations?

ALL THE TIME I keep on wondering what's going to happen to our Poland—I even dream about it at night. Actually it has gotten to be a kind of crazy obsession with me. . . . I think that in Poland patriotism always was, and still is, of a convulsive quality. But when in a certain group there happens to be a lack of patriotism here, it cannot be matched by any other in the whole world. Thus, patriotism is distributed unevenly and oddly—I think that Poland is not only great but also strange, a country of oddities and paradoxes, and therefore unique. Just like that elephant the blind men visited in a menagerie—but an elephant only in shape, its size more reminiscent of the carved miniature figurines which are supposed to bring luck.

The poet Stanislaw Wyspianski prayed that resurrected Poland should become an ordinary, normal country, similar to other countries. I think that it's a very important prayer and that it contains the motto for the patriotism of men of my generation, whereas previous generations were guided (probably out of necessity) by patriotism of a majestic type, by a myth of Poland as something extraordinary. The ideal of national "ordinariness," but a prosperous one, solidly based on reality, has been the goal of those who have wanted to combine patriotism with realism for over 40 years, ever since Poland gained her independence after the first World War; it has been their goal regardless of the system or political changes, regardless of their social and world views.

Thus: a solidly normal Poland, the normalizing of Poland, and therefore, in the first place, making her somewhat more prosperous. But how to do it?

It cannot be done in a day, it cannot be done in a generation, but it must be accomplished in the span of several generations. And so, our lives' aim is not for the present time but for an indefinite future? And so the results will come only sometime, and we are working for our grandchildren?

Every well and solidly done piece of work, every positive and constructive achievement, is of service not only to us but also to the future generations. There are certain duties, however, which are specifically and necessarily imposed

upon a current generation and which will bear fruit in the form of a general improvement in the living standards of future generations. This type of work is called in economics an *investment.*

This investment work has been the subject of my recent reflections, at the start of the new budget year of our economy. I reflect from two points of view: ideological and practical.

How about "sacrifices" for future generations, when viewed from an ideological angle? Some say that it is a mission and an honorable duty, others, on the contrary, maintain that it is senseless, that we must be concerned about the beauty and fullness of our own life instead of worrying about those who are not yet born.

There is a third view, somewhere in the middle, a compromise (as you know, I have an inclination of long standing toward third views). It states that sensible, broadly understood work for oneself is also work for others, that a constructive achievement for the present generation will also serve future generations, that successful work in general constitutes an inseparable element of human happiness — without, of course, exaggeration or killing oneself.

I lean towards this third view: one who believes in the complexity of all subjects will always choose to compromise, since a compromise, being the synthesis of contradictions, has a duality about it, and is therefore richer than any of its component parts, than any of the simple, one-sided solutions. And so, by way of concession, I settle my ideological problems in this field. There would remain now only practical problems, the most important being: *the direction of the investment.*

I am now being kept awake nights by the nightmare of "Poland's tough luck" which for centuries has been playing tricks on us and preventing this desired goal of "normalizing" and "ordinaryizing." In our materialistic, technological era this "tough luck" could well show up in the country's economy, for example in spending money on very costly investments which in the future may prove to have been for naught because of technological progress throughout the rest of the world or because of a sudden change in the world setup.

A trick of this sort has been played on us by coal. We had based our export program on it, we encouraged more coal production effort; all went beautifully; and then suddenly the situation changed: Europe was flooded by cheap American coal, prices went down, we lost our orders and our market. Our only consolation was that the same thing happened to others; the English, for example, were recently forced to shut down tens of mines. Only, they can afford it and we can't.

The evil spirit of unprofitable investment is traveling all over the world, in our era of lightning-fast inventions, looking for victims. But it is particularly dangerous for economically backward nations, for nations struggling to improve their lot. There is a tremendous risk that they may invest their meager means in the production of items which they may not later be able to sell because these items will become outdated (this is what happened with the "Warszawa" automobile). This is why we must invest with great caution, in labor-intensive industries rather than in those which require a great amount of raw materials. In this respect the Swiss were particularly wise: with their watches and their hotels they are pretty safe, have only their labors to rely on, and can exist quite independently of the rest of the world's economic changes.

Thus, while suggesting that ideological—theoretical doubts be discarded, I strongly recommend, particularly to those who are specifically involved, i.e. to engineers, technicians, economists, planners and executives, that they be guided by practical, realistic considerations and by caution, so that Poland will not again have nothing but regrets. Certainly all patriotic people of good will in Poland want to work for the good of future generations, but certainly we all are most fearful of our "national bad luck" whose mean tricks have more than once wiped out the fruits of our most dedicated efforts. Let's remember that the world has no pity for the weak, and strength today lies mainly in economic and technological progress.

(November 29, 1959.)

What is Socialist Literature?

This important recent essay by Kisielewski was not published in the "Nails in the Brain" column but appeared as a separate article in *Tygodnik Powszechny,* February 7, 1960. It is extremely interesting in its rejection of official "Socialist realism" on the one hand and, on the other, of literature which ignores the enormous changes of Communist society, as writers indifferent or opposed to Communism often necessarily do. Kisielewski pleads with the regime to permit a truly critical literature at grips with the realities of Communist society, and holds up the "bourgeois" writing of France and the United States as examples of the enormous literary and intellectual benefits of such writing.

Many a reader, seeing the name of the author, will undoubtedly be surprised by the name of the article. Should people who are not Socialists concern themselves with definitions of Socialist literature? A literary fringe has been set aside in Poland for the use of authors who do not share the Marxist world outlook and it is occupied by quite a few. Then why meddle in somebody else's affairs?

The problem, however, is not as simple as it would seem. In the past, I myself believed and said that if somebody considers Socialism as just a socio-historical fact and not the triumph and affirmation of a certain philosophy, then that person, if he is a writer, will find for himself—political system notwithstanding—other, all-human, eternal subjects. A certain great artist once said that it's entirely sufficient to write only about love and death, that these subjects will "guarantee a living" for many generations of writers yet to come, regardless of surrounding socio-political conditions. In other words, love, death, fear, sorrow, joy, jealousy, hope—those are matters, and thereby literary subjects, connected with human nature, unchanging in their essence, independent of whether industrial and agricultural

production is Socialized, nationalized, or remains in private hands.

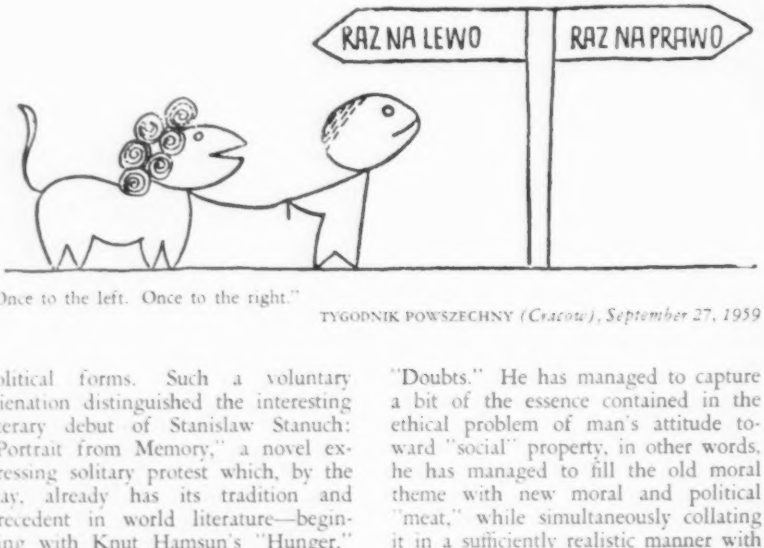
So I believed, as I said, for many years, but recently I changed my mind to a certain degree. Someone might ask if I now believe that change in the forms of economic or political life influences changes in moral problems, as is maintained by Marxist dialectics? It is impossible to answer this question simply; such an answer would be nothing but a vitiating generalization, even a vulgarization. Risking an approximate answer, however, I would say that while the essence of moral problems (in my opinion, most fully and subtly codified by the Christian moralists) does not change as a rule, their external and psychological form does change in connection with revolutionary transformations of production-ownership relations and methods of administration. It may be said that humanity, in some strange way, is always the same, while simultaneously always being new. This assertion is especially important to realistic writers for whom a factual-social, or psychological-social change in the "covering" is tantamount to a change in the literary filling, or "meat"—and literature consists primarily of that "meat," the quality of which documents literary knowledge of life. It is not composed solely of problems and theses.

I believe that our contemporary social reality, as well as that in all the other countries subjected to the unusual experiment of Socialism, almost unprecedented in its reformative purpose, is a veritable gold mine of fundamentally important subjects and problems, regardless of one's evaluation of or attitude toward it. I see here, especially, a tremendous and not-to-be-bypassed field for writers deliberating on moral problems from the Christian, or, more precisely, the Catholic point of view. How do the "eternal" human problems shape up against the background of the new relations of ownership or administration of power, how do these matters reflect on the psyches of various people, young or old, individualist or "Socialist," what are the new forms being assumed today by the traditional conflict between individual and society, or the antinomy of public and private ownership, where is there room in all this for pursuit of career, or the "full life," how does the human personality change after having been drawn into the rhythm of collective work under the slogan of building a completely new future, how and to what degree do the psychological characteristics of man change under the influence of this extraordinary social situation—these are just a few of the subjects at hand. Extremely important and yet, unfortunately, virginal, almost untouched by the pens of our writers. And if touched upon, then in a manner awaking various reservations concerning authenticity and competence.

Attempts to alienate moral problems from socio-political reality cannot give good results in a "normal," realistic novel (it's another matter so far as today's symbolic short cut, allegoric poetry is concerned.) For instance, contemporary moralistic-ideological novels give the impression of artificiality or abstraction because their moral problems are not refracted through a prism of the actuality which is our present social experiment, but seem to be distilled from life, rinsed clear of reality. There is involuntary evasion (flight from reality). Naturally, when attempted on purpose, such alienation is something else again: it becomes an expression of individual loneliness, protest, disagreement with the forms of life, I mean life as such, biological, as it were, not specific socio-political forms. Such a voluntary alienation distinguished the interesting literary debut of Stanislaw Stanuch: "Portrait from Memory," a novel expressing solitary protest which, by the way, already has its tradition and precedent in world literature—beginning with Knut Hamsun's "Hunger," and including Kafka and Sartre. Of course: that which in Stanuch's book is only intention and method, becomes in the works of others, seemingly solely realistic writers, the cause of defect or even downfall.

Therefore, should our literature be Socialist?—the reader will ask. From my point of view the answer is determined by an explanation of whether Socialist literature means all literature describing Socialism from intra-Polish positions, or whether it means special literature helping Socialism on non-literary, tactical and educational grounds with the aid of a conscious regulation of the sharpness and proportion of colors. Stefan Zolkiewski [editor-in-chief of the literary weekly *Nowa Kultura*] was recently concerned with a similar problem. He wrote that Socialist literature is not enough, that what is necessary is Soc-realist literature. Hah! But it is just this adjective-supported realism that did not seem like much of a realism to us, burdened as it was with on-the-spot didactic tasks. I think that it was this load of tactics and didactics, in other words, immediately available subservient literature, which was responsible for the phenomenon popularly called "schematism." And it is extremely difficult to avoid this schematism if one desires to embed the novel within the present reconstruction process of our social structure and awareness. I know one such book whose young author attempts to take the bull by the horns, while at the same time avoiding the pitfalls. It is Aleksander Minkowski's "Doubts." He has managed to capture a bit of the essence contained in the ethical problem of man's attitude toward "social" property, in other words, he has managed to fill the old moral theme with new moral and political "meat," while simultaneously collating it in a sufficiently realistic manner with the Sagan-type of climate peculiar to the life of certain youth groups and avoiding the pat, on-the-spot, 'cards-on-the-table' type of didacticism. To a certain degree the attempt was successful. . . .

To return to Zolkiewski, it must be stated that he took the side of the second form of Socialist literature as I described it (a literature immediately engaged, helping Socialism on non-literary ground in tactical and educational ways), while I vote naturally for the



"Once to the left. Once to the right."

TYGODNIK POWSZECHNY *(Cracow), September 27, 1959*

first variety, namely for describing Socialism sine ira et studio [without anger or prejudice]. I would even tackle a defense of my attitude from the point of view of Socialism itself. For the question should be asked, does Socialism really need assistance from literature, and if so, then can this literature provide it? Is it not possible that the writer's role is completely different, even in a Socialist system?

In order to attempt a sketch of the role of a writer in a Socialist system, I would like to use metaphors and ideas borrowed from the famous Kolakowski essay, "The Priest and the Jester" [see *East Europe,* February 1960, page 12], which appeared in the October [1959] issue of *Tworczosc.* The author discusses and compares two intellectual attitudes. On the one side, the conformist attitude of the "priest," unshakeably faithful to his generalized knowledge the world, a knowledge that is solid and absolutized, as it were, from which flows inevitable and authoritatively established consequences in various fields of thought and action. On the other hand, there is the attitude of the "jester," a non-conformist, admitting no authority, full of impertinence, always on guard against generalizations not sanctioned by common sense, always doubting everything, always verifying and checking, with the aid of fallible, "short-range" empiricism as well as the contradictory and always vigilant criticism of the rationalist, rejecting the pressures of any "theology," be it clerical or secular.

This antinomy of two attitudes (Kolakowski decidely favors that of the "jester") is not overly interesting in the field of philosophy: it is reduced in its essence to Kant's already traditional "criticism of pure reason" and ends up, like the other, on the unattractive "practical reason." This seems a bit inadequate, especially in an era wherein generalizations ("working ones") are utilized not only by philosophy and theology, but even physics—consequently achieving great and practical results. On the other hand, the "priest" and "jester" conception may prove extremely useful in the field of literature.

The largest as well as the most valuable part of literature since the time of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists has been "jester" literature. It was perhaps most interesting and characteristic in the era of capitalism's infancy. Let us take, for example, the nineteenth century French novel, in a period when the bourgeoisie was laying the foundations of French industrial and financial power. But at the same time, the literature of the period was very far removed from any type of national servility (and yet even Marxism then considered the bourgeois industrial revolution as a progressive phenomenon). On the contrary, it flayed and jeered both bourgeoisie and capitalism, sparing nothing. Balzac flayed (often subconsciously, because he was actually impressed with capitalism), Flaubert jeered and probed mercilessly, Zola lashed ("Germinal") and Maupassant ridiculed and tore to shreds. And what happened? All these writings turned out by "jesters" not only failed to harm the bourgeoisie, but actually became accepted as its representative literature.

In America the phenomenon became even more pronounced. During the first half of this century, while the United States was organizing its extraordinary industrial potential, there appeared a long list of writers actually reviling the whole process and simply boiling over with anti-Americanism. Let us bring to mind some of the works and names of that period: Before the war: Upton Sinclair's "King Coal," Nobel Prize-winner Sinclair Lewis' "Babbit," Dreiser's "American Tragedy," John Dos Passos' "Manhattan Transfer" and Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" and "Tropic of Capricorn" (the last book, its anti-Americanism outdistancing anything ever written on the subject throughout the world, was the only work which encountered temporary repression: the author was accused of "pornography" and unable for some time to publish his works in America—today it is almost a classic).* After the war the names speak for themselves: Steinbeck, Faulkner, Caldwell and—perhaps least "jester"-like of them all—Hemingway. And another characteristic fact: these authors of vicious and passionate disclosures of the back alleys and dark sides of Americanism are not only not rejected as its enemies, but actually proclaimed as the pride of American literature.

Stefan Zolkiewski will say to this that all the above writers represent "critical realism" active within capitalism itself. However, it may not be as simple as all that. I remember when some ten years ago Erskine Caldwell visited Warsaw. (By the way, Caldwell, in Poland, has been incorrectly elevated to the pedestal of a great writer, which he is not.) He is the author of the then-famous "Tobacco Road." Jerzy Putrament, who interviewed him, tried to make him say that his books contain essential criticism of social conditions in America. Caldwell, however, protested emphatically, stating that he dislikes and avoids all generalizations and that in his works he purposely chooses rare and striking cases of bestiality and shameful behavior because that interests him and is in keeping with his talent. Whatever the other motives of his statement, Caldwell showed the good instinct of a "jester" who refuses to be a "priest" even in jest and who goes so far as to refuse to make even criticism absolute.

Therefore, another question will arise: is not Marxism in need of its own jester," its own doubting literature? It might be said that it is not, if one believes that Marxism is the final stage of human knowledge of reality and the ultimate (though still in the stage of implementation) practical fulfillment. But dialectics tell us that evolution never ends, that motion and conflict never cease. And if so, then Socialism certainly needs its "jester"—but, of course, a new one: new conflicts require new types of "jesting." Only "jester" must not be made synonymous with "enemy." Perhaps the masses are inclined to read "jester" books in this political and incorrect manner, but there are solutions, if only in the shape of limited, elite editions. But we must not abandon the services of a "jester": his function, though perhaps not the most important, is nevertheless as essential as the function of bile or the pancreas within a living organism.

International politics, as well as anti-Marxist or anti-Communist vulgarities spread by some Western and emigré factions, are doing great harm by meddling in these literary affairs. It all began even before October [1956], which —in my opinion—was to a large extent warped by non-essential, purely personal literary fuss. A small group of writers, who in the past period had been the leading exponents of schematism, but wished to rehabilitate themselves as quickly as possible during the "thaw," made a lot of noise which was immediately taken up by the Western press and radio. The din they created drowned all common sense and tiny personal-literary problems were irrelevantly placed next to the most important socio-economic problems of national existence.

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* The author's odd chronological arrangement seems to be completely arbitrary. He also appears to be under the erroneous impression that Miller's two "Tropic" books are no longer banned in this country.—Ed.

This demagogy brought little profit and much harm, literature included. While before there had been the threat of Marxist schematism, there now loomed an anti-Marxist one—still more dangerous (God preserve me from my friends . . .). And finally, the poor authentic literary "jester" finds himself between the frying pan and the fire: both sides—for extra-literary reasons—demanded of him a simple declaration. And he doesn't like that at all.

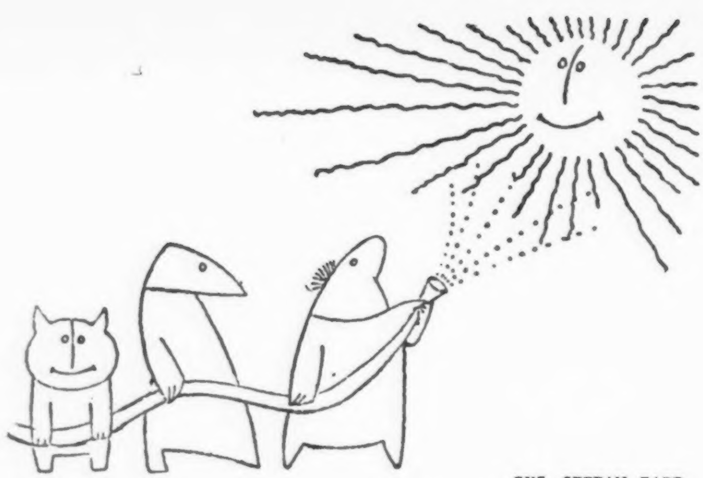
The Marek Hlasko affair is a perfect case in point. When he wrote "The Eighth Day of the Week" he assumed the classic attitude of the "jester," the prerequisite of which is that the author be a part, as it were, of the things he describes and his criticism the criticism of internal positions. However, when he wrote "Cemeteries" (while still in Poland) he shifted to the attitude of the "priest," because he described things he did not know (the internal life of high Party ranks) and used mummified, Orwellian schematism. Thus, we lost a writer, and what's more, the "jester"-type of writer we need so much. Writing "for the West," he chose schematism—and schematism, regardless of its brand, destroys a writer.

To return to literary attitudes in countries building Socialism according to Marxist-Leninist principles. I believe that the attitudes of "jester" and "priest" are not the only possible ones. There is still the attitude of compound acceptance, taking into consideration all the contradictions of this world and wanting, regardless of decided engagement on a given side, to give full literary expression to this complicated contradiction. I see such compound acceptance in Sholokhov's books and also to a degree in Alexei Tolstoy's "Road Through Misery." What a mistake not to read Sholokhov! I read recently in an emigré publication that he is a "schematist." Apparently the author of that opinion hadn't glanced at "Quiet Flows the Don" for quite some time. It is—in my opinion—the least schematic book ever written on the Eastern side of the world—much less schematic than Pasternak's overly publicized "Dr. Zhivago," which utilizes intelligentsia-like, West European conventions. In Sholokhov's method there is something of the non-intellectual, non-intelligentsia-like and truly plebeian method of the great American realists—something of Steinbeck and Faulkner (and yet earlier than they!). If Sholokhov and not Pasternak had received the Nobel Prize then the literary discussion between East and West would really have become serious and literary. At the present time it is only a political and prestige show-down.

I mentioned all these matters in my speech at the last Writers' Congress. Unfortunately, perhaps because of the prevalent excitement, or the fact that my theses could not be contained within any definite pro or con framework, my speech failed to attract any serious debaters and was carefully omitted in all the Congress reports written by my literary colleagues. Therefore I find it necessary to repeat my theses for those who did not, or would not, understand. I am one of those writers who are by now utterly bored with being stuck on the "non-Marxist margin." I would like to take up "Socialist literature" as I understand it, that is, to write about Socialism from the standpoint of a mistrusting, but objective, intra-country "jester." I don't believe it would either hurt or hamper, I don't think that the color black, used among other hues, would discourage people from working. Or perhaps this is wrong? Let us talk about it seriously.

Many of our authors, avoiding the attitude of "priest," at the same time avoid the subjects of our day. That's a great shame: to stand over a rich mine and not exploit it! Should these arch-interesting times remain without a compound and truly literary testimony? What wasted opportunity! And yet, contemporaries also find compound testimony a better political signpost than testimony purposely simplified. "Quiet Flows the Don" and "Road Through Misery," while making no attempt to conceal the shocking picture of either the revolution or counter-revolution, undoubtedly divulged to many a reader the complicated authentic mechanism of history.

I repeat: let us talk about all this seriously. I appeal to my Marxist colleagues. . . . Let us talk seriously!



RYS. STEFAN PAPP

TYGODNIK POWSZECHNY *(Cracow), April 26, 1959*

(Continued from page 15)

tle, low voice. I was instantly reminded of that other one, the golden grain of sand which for a long time had been buried on the bottom of the hour-glass. She was forgotten, nonexistent, but now a new one was walking towards me.

"I was asked to give you this on your birthday," she said in an official tone, and handed to me the familiar watch—a heavy round instrument on a gold chain. "And also this."

She took a letter out of her purse and gave it to me.

I asked: "Is it from him?"

"Yes," she answered.

I decided to find out whether the man who was now dead had discovered true love, such as one cannot buy or steal. But I did not have time to do it. The woman had read the question in my face and stopped me with a slight movement of her hand.

"It was so, it was," she whispered. "And it is. And will be! But he was not sure. . . . I carried on a game. Can you understand what that means? And when they let me into the hospital, for an hour I shouted to him: Yes, yes, yes! But he could no longer hear."

I lowered my face. My poor colleague! How well I could understand.

I put the watch in my pocket and walked the woman downstairs, and then I returned.

"It's the same one," said our sharp dresser in a low voice. "The one who used to visit him. She would never notice anyone. You could stand in front of her—she would continue to walk as if she expected to go right through a person. Blinded by love."

And then he added with a laugh: "But she did notice you! Watch out!"

I went to my room and ripped open the envelope. "You will receive this letter if I am killed," wrote my dead colleague. "You are a very talented man. I am writing to you because you know more about me than the others and perhaps you will be more able than the others to appreciate the value of time. We live only once and we must drink down life in one gulp, without stopping. And we must take what is most worthwhile. As to what is most worthwhile—I have spoken to you about it. At any rate, it is not gold and not garb. I would like you to attain great happiness. . . . You must remember the dark land where millions of people are now living. Wish that the day you receive this letter may be the day of your true birth. . . ."

I did not finish the letter. Like lightning a sudden happy thought interrupted me. "I am luckier than he," I thought. "I have half of my life ahead of me, perhaps even two-thirds. I do not have to hurry. There is still time to do everything."

At that instant something large and dark covered my window. Probably the painters had pulled their ladder up to the third floor. I turned the page of my letter to continue reading and came closer to the window for more light. "But what would the painter be doing outside in wintertime?" it occurred to me suddenly. I looked out and was startled: outside my window, on the tin ledge, there was a tremendous owl with hairy ears and gray head feathers, and, strangest of all, quite deformed, almost as if constructed by one of our primitive ancestors. This was my owl. I was seeing her for the first time. I waved at her violently with my letter: "Shoo!" It made not the slightest impression on her.

A sudden thought pierced me like a needle, and pain and fear brought sweat out on my forehead. Phew! With a great effort I took a deep breath and wiped my face. The owl still sat in the same spot, motionless, vertical, like all owls. I took another deep breath, again wiped my brow and tiptoed out of the room. I cannot recall how I found myself on the street, in the frosty evening. Where can I go? Ah, to the place of work of my former school friend, the excellent neurologist, a man of creative abilities. He will undoubtedly be interested in what has happened to me and will take me in.

I began walking hurriedly along the darkening boulevard and at that very moment I heard behind me strange hopping steps. I looked back. Someone was standing behind a nearby tree—there could be no doubt of it, I saw a hairy ear and part of a wing. The owl was at least as tall as I!

The doctor was busy. For a long time I sat in front of the white door of his office behind which rapid, regular steps could be heard. Finally the door opened and my school friend emerged dressed in a white gown and a white cap that came down to his eyebrows; he was thin and pale from lack of sleep and overwork. "Yes?" someone called.

"Still the same!" the doctor answered and his face twitched nervously; he was looking at me, but did not see me. "Still nothing!"

I got up. The doctor gradually came to. He noticed me, recognized me, and put out his hand. "If this is a social call you didn't pick a very good time."

"It is not a social call."

"Well then, come here." He took my hand, examined the tips of my fingers. "How old are you?"

"I am thirty."

"I forgot that we were the same age. What's wrong with you? Is somebody after you?"

"If you only knew who it is! A strange creature. . . . You will laugh at me."

"I know that creature. Do you want me to show you? Come with me." He took me to his office and pointed to the window.

"My owl!" I whispered. The bird was sitting outside the window.

"Not just your owl," said the doctor. "She's also mine. Show me your hands again. Yes. . . ."

He walked away from the table and stood for a while with his back turned to me. Then he returned.

"Sooner or later you will find out anyway. So you might as well know now—you have only one year to live."

The floor seemed to go out from under me and I would have fallen if my friend had not held me up and put me in a chair.

I know that there are people who are not afraid of dying—these brave people have nothing to lose. But I must confess that I trembled with fright. When the work I have outlined for myself is finished, then yes, I can die. But not now! "I don't believe it," I whispered.

"Listen to me, get up and go home," the doctor advised, lifting his eyebrow; he was obviously nervous. "You have a whole year ahead of you."

"I don't believe it!"

"Get out of here!" the doctor shouted suddenly. "You are stealing my time! I am sick too, I only have a year and a half to live myself!"

He stopped me at the door once more and said quickly:

"It's a well-known disease which occurs mostly in very talented people, and is usually quite serious for them. People with a lazy, easy-going nature usually get a mild form of it and die quietly and imperceptibly."

"And hasn't any progress been made in this field?"

"Yes, quite a bit, but we still can't cure this illness. But we have made some progress."

Then he said something which I didn't understand: "Someone who can see the owl distinctly is already half saved." With these words he slammed the door behind me.

"Do I see her distinctly? I must check," I thought.

At that moment, I heard distinctly in the silence the ticking of a watch—the bandit's gift was doing its job, measuring every second. When I heard this clear sound I took the heavy watch out of my pocket, inserted a curved key and rewound the spring. I turned the key about twenty times until I felt I'd come to the end. All done! The watch is wound for a year.

"I must hurry! I must plan everything," I told myself. For the first time in my life I was really hurrying, hurrying in a calm deliberate way. The clear, cold evening greeted me with gay lights, with the rattle of the cars and the light from the stars glittering in the distance. "I shall meditate and look at the stars," I decided. At that moment, the starlit sky seemed to come closer to me so that I could see more clearly its infinite glory.

"All right then. The body will die. Let it. But the thought, the thought! Must the thought also perish?" I closed my eyes. "I will not perish," said my thought in the darkness. It was calm, in contrast to my disturbed emotions. "Look," its voice came to me, "the world of civilized people has existed for several thousand years. But how long is the life of objects made by people? Instruments, furniture, clothes—all this perishes in several decades. How then did we accumulate everything that surrounds us? Very simply. We accumulated ideas—the secret of melting metals, the way to make drugs, the secret of hardening cement. . . . If you burn all books, destroy the secret of various trades and give it a few years so these things are completely forgotten, humanity will have to start all over again with the stone axe, and your son—not grandson, but son—when he accidently digs up a machine that you built in your youth will worship it as if it were the miraculous work of an unknown god."

Over the city loud and clear the sound of a waltz was coming from an invisible speaker. I did not know the composer. I didn't actually hear the music; it was not an orchestra, trumpets and violins, but the sound of my emotions. But when the melody was taken up by woodwinds, I had the impression that they were my desires playing softly on the small instrument of my limited life.

"You desire to live," the unknown composer seemed to be saying to me. "Look what these few little notes which I left behind a hundred years ago after my brief and difficult existence in this world did to you. Listen—he who has only a little time loves life more and deeply. It is better not to have and to desire than to have and not to desire! I loved life passionately and I am passing on this love to you."

Then he added still more softly: "And now listen. During my short life I experienced the greatest happiness. You know what I mean. And you? Did a grateful man ever shake your hand in such a way as to touch your heart? Have you ever had eyes filled with love look at you?"

All these thoughts made me dizzy. These things had never happened to me. I had loved, yes, but I had never seen eyes like those. I had not experienced great friendship, nor earned gratitude. . . . I lowered my head and stopped listening to the music, while the city lights were dimming around me. I only heard one thing—a cheerful ticking. It was my watch, my bandit's gift, measuring my time, my seconds! " You have your whole life ahead of you, a whole year! You were just born! You are now younger than you were before! Run quickly to where your work is waiting for you. Everything is there—friendship and love!"

I set off, running, and jumped into a taxi—faster, faster, to the laboratory! The driver put the car in high gear and glanced in surprise at his strange passenger. I kept the cab waiting and ran upstairs. In the hall, next to the hot stove, the stove-woman sat, sleeping. I shook her arm to awaken her. "Quickly, give me all my papers! The ones I gave you today! A full basket. . . ."

"Oh dear, I just remembered. . . ."

I groaned in horror and struggled to open the burning hot stove door, but all I found there was glowing ashes.

"I burned everything, everything. It burned beautifully —only your papers burn so well. You see how it warmed me and made me sleepy."

"Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock." I could hear the bandit's watch in my pocket. I clenched my teeth, opened the door to my office and began moving cases of instruments out to the waiting taxi. I had decided to fix up a laboratory at home and work nights. After all, I could earn the greatest gratitude of humanity and so far I hadn't even started!

When, holding a case in each arm I entered our bachelor quarters, several men, the regulars, were already seated in the communal living room by the TV set.

"We have already decided, the celebration must be postponed," the joker told me. He was in the midst of adjusting the TV. On the glass screen, the legs of football players began moving. The spectators froze in attention. Their eyes widened unnaturally, became motionless. I heard the ticking of my watch and I realized something—if the TV set kept on going for two thousand years these five men could sit by it never leaving for a moment and would become preserved for posterity like lotus seeds.

I moved a few of my colleagues aside, together with their chairs, so they would be out of my way, and I carried all the instruments to my room. I let the taxi driver go.

My owl was perched in its usual spot outside the window. She did not frighten me now. A lamp hanging from

the ceiling showed her in a bright light. Do I see her distinctly? I approached the window. For a moment we looked at each other. Then the owl walked back and forth on the ledge in the same way as owls in a zoo walk on a branch. She leaned over, lifted a yellow, three-toed claw that looked as if it were made of wax, and then quickly, like a chicken, scratched her beak. Then she again became motionless, stiff, and her two round, metallic eyes bored into me. Yes, I could see my owl very distinctly!

After a while I got hold of myself and began, as fast as possible, to open the cases and arrange my instruments. In five minutes, my room was all aglitter with glass and copper, and it became a workshop.

"How much will I be able to accomplish?" I thought. "After all, I need ten years!"

I made an attempt to recollect at least some of my notes which were burnt at different times in the laboratory. I tried to reconstruct them but it didn't work. "It would save me half the time!" I cried angrily, and banged my fist on the table.

And then I noticed the bandit's letter, which I had left there earlier in the day. There were a few paragraphs I had not read, and I could see them now, on the floor.

"I would like to be of some use to you. Did you understand what I told you about a certain bandit? If so, please ask the woman who is in front of you to give you the notebook in which I secretly copied all the ideas you have been burning for two years. I wanted to use them myself—after all, you did not need them."

"Where will I find her?" I exclaimed, but I had not finished the letter. And immediately I noticed these words: "Her telephone number is . . ."

No more than a few seconds passed and I was standing among my colleagues who were numbed by the TV, breathing deeply and evenly although their eyes were open. I put the telephone on the shoulder of one of my friends and dialled the number. I heard a few rings and then her voice.

At this moment in my new short life a new chapter opened. It began with misunderstandings for which I myself was to blame. "Why did you take so long to answer!" I said this before I realized my impertinence. "Where is the notebook? Why didn't you give it to me?"

"You didn't ask me," she said. "You didn't even read the letter. And it said that if . . ."

"It's obvious that you don't know the value of time!" I exclaimed angrily. "I am sorry . . ."

There was silence at the other end of the line.

"Why don't you answer me?" I roared again. "The notebook, the notebook!"

"I will come," she said in a low caressing voice.

* * *

When I heard her footsteps I suddenly knew that it was not only the notebook I was waiting for. From the moment I first saw this woman I was imperceptibly drawn to her, as a small shell is drawn to a waterfall. Could it be that another golden grain of sand had approached the passage of my hourglass to fall through it in one brief moment? "Well, let it fall," I thought. "Such things don't exist for me any more. You, beautiful creatures, like to be wooed patiently and long — and rightly so. And you—you have not forgotten the one to whom you said repeatedly: Yes! yes! yes! And I think you will not forget him. How can I, a humble creature, help you erase from your memory this strange man with a borrowed face? But I am dead to love, I do not exist."

Just then she opened the door and came in—not very tall, gentle, serene, beautiful, with sloping shoulders. "I love you!" everything within me cried out. I knew that the childhood of my new life was over and that now I was entering the period of my early youth. But that instant I heard a sobering knock at the window. I didn't even look up, suddenly everything was clear and understandable to me.

I barely greeted the woman. I grabbed the notebook, turned my back to her, opened it and saw my plans, maps and measurements, the same ones I had been scattering and burning freely for several years. I studied the notebook again. Aha! Not ten but eight years! I will work at the institute and at home, in this way I will save two more years. I will arrange it so that the experiments progress not in one but in several directions at once. Night and day!

"What is your hurry?" asked the woman, seeing the speed with which I connected wires and set instruments in motion.

"I have very little time. . . ." I began but did not continue. "Life is short and there is work to be done. I must hurry."

All the instruments were working. Among the wires and pipes, gay little lights began to flicker, transparent hot streams of liquid ran through little glass tubes, samples of rare earths melted in metal receptacles.

My owl was asleep at the window, her head under her wing. I decided to check something, to eliminate my last doubt. "What do you see at the window?" I inquired, turning to the woman and pointing at my owl. At this, the huge bird lifted its head and rapidly blinked its yellow eyelids. The woman walked up to the window, leaned against the pane, shielded her face from the light with both hands.

"There is nothing there," she said, smiling. Suddenly she stopped. She was looking at me intently, biting her lip, as if startled by a sudden realization. "There is nothing there," she repeated. "But did you see something? Has someone been following you?"

"If there isn't, there isn't," I said evasively.

And then she—she!—asked me a question. I was startled. She asked:

"Why did you change rooms?"

I couldn't believe my ears, I straightened up, but I didn't answer—I had already reached a new kind of discipline. I began turning the handle of my beat-up old calculator—certain measurements had to be made. The woman didn't take her eyes off me.

After about an hour she couldn't contain herself any longer—she laughed softly. "At least tell me where you are rushing to?"

"Where? This man, you know whom I mean, must have told you where he was rushing to."

"He told me . . ."

"Well, I am rushing in the same direction. Throughout my entire life I accomplished nothing. And I am capable of giving something to humanity. I can have no rest on this earth until a man filled with gratitude firmly shakes my hand and touches my heart. I will work for him. The day that he enters this room will be the happiest day of my life."

It was clear that she liked these words. For a moment she was silent and then began again. "But why are you losing time? This is not like you. After all, you own an excellent new calculating machine."

What a silly thing to say! Some new calculating machine! Again I did not answer her. Then she took my hand and pulled me towards the door. "What is it?" I stopped.

"Don't lose time," she said. "Don't worry! I'll help you gain time."

She led me to another apartment where a month ago my strange colleague, the bandit, had lived. She took out a key, opened the door to his room, switched on the light and turned to me, suppressing a smile. I, on the other hand, smiled broadly—the room was filled with the most modern, valuable instruments, everything that I needed. I began to examine and handle them, completely forgetting about my companion.

"You should be ashamed of yourself!" I suddenly heard her voice. "You pretend that you've never seen all this!" There she went again!

"What do you mean?" I inquired sharply.

"But you must have visited your colleague," she answered evasively. "And you never saw this either?" On the window sill in the aquarium a fragrant white flower was growing. The woman pulled me toward it. I had the impression that she was examining me. And suddenly I remembered.

"It is the lotus plant. They grew it from a seed which had been entombed for two thousand years."

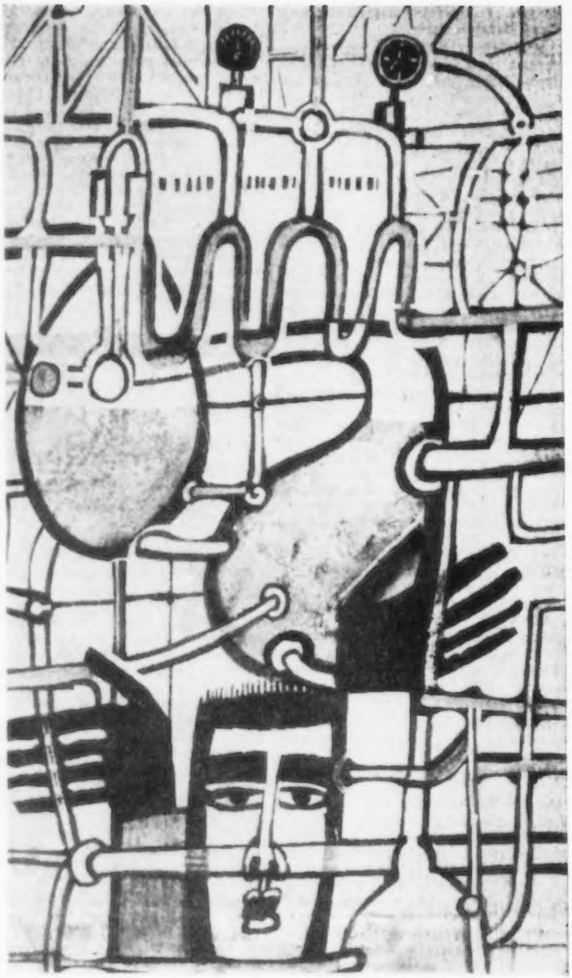
"Ah," she cried triumphantly, "I give you A-plus. And have you seen this?" She presented me with a calculating machine of the most modern type, such as I never even dreamed of having. This machine could take the place of a whole crew of mathematicians working with my old kind.

"May I take this?" I asked mechanically.

"You are losing time!" she declared loudly, imitating either the bandit or me. "Yes! yes! yes! All this is yours. All the instruments! And even the lotus plant!" I felt that she was a little bit hurt: "Well, yes, it's understandable," she said after a moment's hesitation. "You have changed your face, you have changed your voice, and so you also had to change your room. You even changed your friends. . . . So that no one could ever guess, so that they wouldn't say . . ."

These words should have made me wonder! But, as I said, I had acquired a new discipline which turned everything around in my head. What she said then went right by me.

That night I made tremendous progress in my work. I confirmed the validity of my theories. If things continued to progress in this way I should attain my first results in



about eight months, and then I could get the whole institute interested. All the skeptics would have to surrender.

Oblivious to everything around me, filled with the most beautiful hopes, I arrived next morning at the laboratory. As I entered I heard a gay commotion. It seemed that my staunch opponent S. had answered my article.

"How quickly!" shouted the director ironically. And every one of his words was greeted with a new wave of laughter. Everybody was gathered around my desk, the director laughed holding his belly, and only I, the writer with pen in hand, was missing from a perfect painting. "Well, dear competitor, it is your turn next," said the director, placing a newspaper clipping on my desk.

But I surprised them. I didn't even read S.' article, and S. himself now seemed to me not only naive but also an entirely harmless creature. The thought of him did not stir my blood any longer; it was now burning with a different kind of fire. I pushed this matter aside the way one shoos away a persistent mosquito. I must add that for a long time afterward S. kept on publishing articles directed at

me. In one of his footnotes he wrote that I was keeping a shamed silence, and in others that I didn't dare to speak out, that I was hiding in the bushes, that like an ostrich I hid my head in the sand. He crowed and flapped his wings like a cock attempting to provoke me to further combat.

Seeing me push the newspaper clipping aside, my colleagues exchanged glances. "What's happened to you?" asked the joker in surprise. "Look, he hasn't shaved today! Dear friends! He threw his coat on the chair! Wait a minute. . . . There are two buttons missing on his coat! Don't you get the impression that he has been changed somehow? He reminds me of . . . well, of the one who used to sit next to him." And he looked meaningfully at the bandit's empty chair.

It is true, my character underwent a radical change. I became a different man. All at once I abandoned the mannerisms of a great scholar, I ceased to speak in a sing-song voice, I stopped putting on airs when solving absurd problems. I kept rushing ahead in a burning half-dream. There awoke in me a greediness for life, and it is surprising how my concept of pleasures and recreation changed.

What were my pleasures? I could look at her all the time. She made herself quite at home in my room, she brought a folding bed, then she worked at the instruments night and day. I'm not even sure when she slept. But my eyes could feast on her as she sat at the table, I was delighted with the special movement of her head and neck—like a young mother bending over her infant.

When I looked at the line of her head, neck and sloping shoulders, at the slightly curved arch by which I would know her anywhere, I dreamed of one thing only—I dreamed that she would turn around and look at me. She always sensed my unspoken command—she turned around, rested her chin on her shoulder. But some constant question seemed to disturb her so that after looking at me intently she would quickly return to her work.

This question was always with her. She decided to put me through another test. We had made a rule: when the work was such that it left us some free time we always went for an hour or two to an art exhibit, to the opera or a concert. But one evening, after we had set the automatic instruments, she took my arm. "We have some time. A full hour. Would you give it to me?" I hesitated. "Very well, I will give it to you."

We went out into the street. She was taking me somewhere, we started out along a dark alley. Then she asked: "Have you forgotten this alley?"

I became irritated by all this and I did not hide it. "It is perfectly all right that you have been calling me by my nickname from the very beginning, but please stop this weird game you have been playing for the last two months. I understand nothing about it, and such a game only wastes time."

"What is your constant rush?"

Just then I noticed in the shadow of a lamppost the dark silhouette of my owl and her shining, rapidly blinking eyes. I stopped. I wanted to show my companion these eyes but I remembered that she was unable to see them.

"Where am I hurrying?" I decided to tell her everything without beating about the bush. "All right then, I have less than a year left to live." My words made a shattering impression on her. As if I had said the one thing which would make her break down. The woman stopped, faced me, and took my head in her hands. Her eyes, filled with tears, were very close to me.

"If you are certain that there is less than a year why are we fooling each other?" she whispered. I wanted to answer but she put her finger on my lips. "But it is you, you!"

Suddenly it dawned on me. "You think that I am he . . . your man?"

"Don't torture me any longer. . . . Do you remember when you tried to hide from me that time? Why are you so cruel?"

"But I am somebody else!" I cried. "Look, I have different hair, a different face! Nothing has been changed in me! I have no scars. All this is my own!"

"That first time you had no scars either. But I guessed. I guessed right away! Tell me, why was it that when I came to you for the first time with the letter and the watch the expression on your face changed and you asked: 'Was it real love?' It seemed very important for you to know this. I saw through the naive trick instantly." She laughed. "You have no idea how you thrilled me with those words!"

"Soon I shall stay with you forever," I said.

"We will never part. I will find you even if you run away again, even if you have not only a new face but a whole new body."

"I have less than a year to live. That is certain."

"I don't believe it. You have been saying the same thing for so many years!"

"But he said it too, and they did kill him!"

"It is not true! You are smart, you planned everything and you made arrangements to have all your possessions passed on to your double—to yourself. Oh, you are clever! They will never catch you. . . ."

"Dammit all! What nonsense."

Apparently the other man also used to interrupt her, because she burst out laughing. "I won't talk about it any more. Before, you didn't like it either. I will not speak of it. You are even nicer now than you were then. You have a more gentle character, and such a beautiful smile! And you speak so marvellously about the man who will come. . . . I have lost so much time. How I played with you as if I were seventeen! Do you want me to speak the word you wanted so much to hear? Yes! yes! Do you hear? Tell me that you hear!"

"I hear," I whispered. I could no longer fight the current. The shell was rushing towards the waterfall. "Which me do you love better," I asked, "the one who is gone or the one who is standing next to you?"

"The one who is here!"

I was loved. I saw her eyes. I had only to turn my head a little to see two stars glittering with tears.

I took the place of the bandit who had departed from us. I entered the age of maturity.

* * *

The doctor's predictions proved correct—about five or six months after my talk with him I began to feel poorly. I had to go to bed in the middle of a warm summer.

Full of contrition, I turned to my gentle and shy friend: "You know, dear, somehow I find it difficult to walk. You'll have to be alone in the work-shop and I'll spend the day in bed. Put on the radio."

She did, and there immediately resounded from the chaos of magnetic storms the alternately loud and inaudible voice of our dark continent. People there worked, mined coal and grew cabbage in an artificial world!

"I must act energetically," I said. "I must hurry." The seething streams began flowing even faster through the glass tubes, the lights shone even brighter.

We finished work in one of the aggregates during a rainy September. I lay in bed so tired that I couldn't even lift my head. "Open the first copper lid," I said. She did.

"A mistake," I heard her quiet voice. "There's only a small lump of red coal here."

"It's not a mistake," I answered calmly. "It's only one of the variations. Everything has been taken into account in the other aggregates. And this piece can already be shown. . . . Call my colleagues. Call the director."

Everyone came in on tiptoe, as is done when walking into a sickroom. I had never before let anyone in and, finding themselves in the room-converted-to-laboratory, they stopped near the threshold and looked around. They didn't know what to think of me: everything here filled them with amazement: walls covered with diagrams, furniture scratched with nails—for I had even written on the furniture—the glow of instruments emanating warmth.

Then they saw me. They were evidently shocked at the sight, because they made even greater efforts to be as quiet as possible. Only the joker whispered something to the director, but without for a moment taking his eyes off my companion.

"Tell them everything," I said. And she, like a true scientist, described our work in detail in ten minutes and showed them the coal-piece which had not cooled with the passage of time. The coal amazed everyone, especially the director. He approached solemnly to shake my hand. Then all the rest ran up to me, making a lot of noise. They grabbed my weakened, almost weightless hands and shook them with all their might. I thought my heart would burst.

"We will join you in your work today," declared the director. "The entire laboratory!"

From then on, two of my colleagues remained on guard in my room day and night and, in addition, we received daily telephone reports from the laboratory—our work moved ahead rapidly.

With the coming of icy December, my friend removed the second copper lid in the presence of the director. "Another mistake"—she said to him quietly. "It's even worse this time—the coal-piece is completely black."

But I heard her words. "I have taken this mistake into consideration also," I answered, my lips barely moving. "Continue the experiments. Quickly!"

My hearing had grown extremely sharp. I heard the director whisper, hand over mouth: "A third mistake will kill him." And then he added out loud. "Hm, I think it'll be best to take the third aggregate to the laboratory. There we'll be able to conduct the experiments more accurately and rapidly."

"I leave it up to you," I said.

And so we were left alone, in my silent, empty room. My wife and I—and, of course, the owl which had one day squeezed in through the vent and now napped on the windowsill or took walks under the table, knocking on the floor with her beak. My wife—who had really earned that title—sat next to me and we quietly reminisced about our brief youth.

On the third or fourth day I began to feel worse and asked, "Open the window."

"But my dear, it's freezing outside. Won't that be bad for you?"

"Open it, open it," I whispered. She went toward the window.

"What's this? Spring in December! Do you hear? The snow on the roof is melting and a fly has awakened, it's beating its wings against the pane!"

"Open it!"

She first opened the vent and then threw the window wide open—and together with a warm, spring breeze, there floated into the room the sound of unusually pleasant, far-away music. It poured over the city, diminishing and then again mounting into a tremendous wave. I listened to it and I did not know that the telephone lines were playing, telling the whole world about man's victory over cold and darkness. At times the music blended with the sound of a slowly disappearing hum—planes flying over the city, carrying their priceless cargo, the first spring for the dark continent. But I did not know this and my heart was heavy, my strength failed me completely and I listened only for the sound of my friends' footsteps coming to tell me the good news. The owl, too, awakened my anxiety—strangely excited, she circled my bed, shook herself and beat her wings violently. There is nothing harder than to depart life when we have not brought to conclusion a matter important to everybody and dependent on us.

Then I became drowsy. Somewhere on the stairs there was much movement, doors were slamming and eager footsteps scratched against the floor. But I did not hear this. I only heard the voice of the doctor, my schoolmate.

"He's still alive!" He sat down near me and with shaking hands began to turn the copper nozzle.

"Faster, faster, tell me!" I wanted to call out.

And I did, because my sickness had left me!

A dazzling drop trembled in the doctor's hand, flooding the entire room with solar light. I had known about it for a long time, I had dreamed it often; with my eyes closed I had seen it frequently when I was still installing my apparatus. And now I could not look at this too brilliant, tiny sun. I got up from bed, swaying on my weakened legs. My companion ran up to me to help, but I stopped her with a wave of my hand and crossed the room by myself. I even stamped my foot! My wife leaned against the wall, delighted but unbelieving.

"Thank you, doctor," she whispered.

"For what? He overpowered death alone. He found the medicine himself! It's his light!"

Again there was noise on the stairs, doors slamming and my room was invaded by a crowd—my colleagues and many other people whom I did not know. I was surrounded. Someone was shaking my hands. The director pushed toward me through the crowd. "And so, after all, you knew how to utilize every bit of your time!" he said, congratulating me. "They would have drawn an owl next to your name in ancient times! You once expressed the belief that this hieroglyphic . . . Do you remember?"

"And do you know, it was confirmed," I said. And thought: it's really true that I took advantage of time! I lived a whole lifetime in one year. And how many such years do I have ahead of me—a whole ocean of time!

Whom should I thank for all this? I looked at the window sill where my owl always sat. But she wasn't there. There was only an aquarium with a lotus flower inside. And out the window, against the pale-blue spring sky, some great bird was flying, its wings moving laboriously.

An ocean of time murmured at my feet. I stood on its shore ready to begin life anew and the mysterious waves of the future, one after the other, washed my feet and then moved back, luring me toward them. Tomorrow I will be swimming somewhere far away on the horizon. I was seized with some strange fear. In the past year I had become used to the constant presence of the owl. Will I know how to live without her instructions? Maybe this tremendous ocean awaiting me will change into a small stream which I will ford without even knowing when?

Suddenly, I remembered the watch—the bandit's present. And at the same moment, I became petrified with fear—I could not hear it. I grabbed at the chain . . . Ah, yes! The watch had stopped! A year had gone by, it must be wound again!

I took out the watch, inserted in it the carved key and turned it twenty times. Finally, I felt resistance—the watch was running. It was greeting the New Year.

"Busy Times"

Writer Ondrej Luptak turned on his radio, heard a commentary on the international situation and could not help getting excited.

"We certainly live in busy times," he said to himself. "One might almost say that we are living on a barrel of gunpowder. The slogan of these days is: be cautious, alert, prepared. What we need is practically a spiritual mobilization."

He reached for a newspaper and read, with a thrill, the text of a proposal to conclude a peace treaty with Germany and solve the problem of West Berlin. "Hell," he shouted, banging his fist on the table, "we won't let them blackmail us! It's got to stop once for all!"

He seized his hat and left for the Enlightenment Center, where he listened eagerly to an orator proving that the cause of peace had not yet been won and that we cannot remain indifferent to what is happening right before our eyes in Western Germany. He agreed with the speaker's statement that until the German problem is solved there won't be any peace in Europe, and that therefore everybody, without exception, should support the Soviet proposals. He rose, applauded enthusiastically, and walked out to the street all red with excitement. At a streetcar stop he explained to a stranger that our own security is closely tied to world peace.

Then he went to dine at the Writers' Club. Tackling the veal with split peas and home-fried potatoes, he meanwhile explained to the waiter that German revanchists, supported by the Bonn government, are a direct threat to world security and that it is necessary to make a determined protest against the notorious voices of the revanchists and Nazis who are forever holding meetings. The waiter agreed with that and asked him whether he would like lettuce salad and what would he have to drink. He ordered a large wine, and when he finished the veal with peas he got himself Turkish coffee and then went to watch television. They showed a film of a protest meeting against atomic weapons.

He took part in a meeting publicizing Hiroshima Day, and passionately discussed with the janitor the significance of this day for mankind, which is in danger. He commented enthusiastically on the Rapacki Plan to create an atom-free zone in Central Europe, protested passionately against the brutalities committed by French troops against the civilians of Algeria. He attended meetings, conferences, rallies. He listened to radio news, watched lectures on TV, read about the world situation in the newspapers and, in the course of this, learned about the task set for artists by the Congress of Socialist Culture. Suddenly he was taken with indescribable enthusiasm. He was swept with extraordinary ardor.

Unable to bear it any longer, he sat down at his desk and wrote — almost in one sitting — a 300-page novel about how during the reign of Maria Theresa at Cukrmandl the son of Michal Frastak from Modra married the virgin Marenka, daughter of a Pressburg councilman, from whom he got a three-story building at the Fish Market, by which means he improved his business and became the founder of such an esteemed family that finally he rose to be one of the most prominent deputies of the famous Hungarian Chamber.

The author then attacked with personal indignation; and with uncompromising zeal he deplored the black and yellow serpent of Hapsburg absolutism.

Rohac (Bratislava), September 25, 1959

Current Developments

INTERNATIONAL: *President Eisenhower's tour of South America strongly criticized in the East European press (p. 42).*

U.S. Minister to Bulgaria presents his credentials in Sofia, ending a 12-year breach in relations, March 12 (p. 52).

Bulgarian relations with the United Arab Republic show signs of deterioration (p. 50).

ECONOMIC: *Hungary's Communists, after their winter collectivization campaign, set themselves to "consolidate" the new collective farms, which now include more than half the country's arable land (pp. 1, 49).*

Polish Party leader Gomulka calls for tighter work norms in the factories despite workers' protests, March 2 (p. 44).

Poland, beset with foreign trade difficulties, receives another installment of credit from the United States (p. 45).

AREAWIDE

EISENHOWER IN SOUTH AMERICA

The American President's trip to four South American countries was the signal for the anti-American campaign in Eastern Europe to erupt with new violence. After a relatively quiescent period following Soviet Premier Khrushchev's visit to the US, the Satellite press renewed its propaganda attacks. Czechoslovakia was perhaps in the vanguard, with Radio Prague (March 4) terming the journey "an opportunity for the US to interfere more intensely in the internal affairs of the individual States, to set up a barrier obstructing economic relations between Latin America and the USSR and other Socialist countries." The Monroe Doctrine was interpreted as a doctrine of "America for the United States." (Radio Prague, March 7.)

Albania rivalled Prague in uncovering America's "sinister intentions diametrically opposed to Latin American interests." Eisenhower's visit was contrasted with Nikita Khrushchev's Asian tour which was described as "an expression of the Soviet Union's peace-loving policy toward those countries . . . which have embarked on the road to independence or which are striving for their liberation from colonial rule." (Radio Tirana, February 29.) Heavy-handed sarcasm was the method employed by Radio Budapest (February 22) which declared that "for almost every hour [in the President's trip] a prominent place is reserved for playing golf or for trout fishing."

WOMEN FETED

International Women's Day, organized to celebrate the "emancipation" of women in the Communist State, was held on March 8 in the East European countries. Flowers and lengthy speeches were the order of the day. Hungarian Party boss Janos Kadar hailed the "new, serene and hopeful life" of Hungarian women, now that "material insecurity has ceased, life has become better and richer, and Hungarian women are more sure of themselves." (*Nepszabadsag* [Budapest], March 6.) The Polish Party chief Wladyslaw Gomulka stressed the fact that women have gained access "to education and science, to all professions and all social positions." At the same time the Polish State expects woman "to combine the duties of her profession with the duties of a housewife—and above all, with the duties of a mother." (Radio Warsaw, March 7.)

BONN'S BASES IN SPAIN

Communist propagandists trumpeted the news that the Adenauer government had been looking for military bases in Spain. Always ready to belabor "West German militarism," the Communist press such as the Polish Party

organ *Trybuna Ludu* (Warsaw), February 27, saw in the "Bonn-Franco conspiracy" proof that control of "German militarism" was nothing but a "dangerous illusion" and that no "agreements of any kind" could be of much assistance. Similarly the Bucharest newspaper *Romania Libera* of February 25 declared: "In the light of the revival of fascism and antisemitism in West Germany, in the light of revanchist statements of officials in Bonn . . . the talks between West Germany and Spain are meaningful in demonstrating the real goals of the West German militarists."

RELATIONS WITH YUGOSLAVIA

Although the détente in Yugoslav-Soviet bloc relations continues, there are still certain signs of strain, with Belgrade unwilling to overlook any slurs emanating from the Satellite States. The Yugoslav Party organ *Borba* (Belgrade), February 19, attacked Bulgaria and to a lesser extent Czechoslovakia for "renewing" the anti-Yugoslav campaign. Bulgarian journals and books were criticized for distorting the history of the Second World War, particularly the Varna Party paper *Narodno Delo* in January and February for insisting upon the "decisive" aid the Yugoslav Communists received from the USSR and Bulgaria in driving out the German invaders. The Macedonian problem was also dragged up again as a bone of contention between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. *Borba* cited a quotation in a recent issue of the review published by the Historical Institute of the Bulgarian Communist Party which accused the "Yugoslav revisionists" of "inventing an official Macedonian language . . . which even the Macedonians themselves cannot understand." Such statements were labelled "rude chauvinistic slander" which could only hurt "the development of mutually advantageous relations."

Czechoslovak "slanders" also came under fire when Prague recently published a book on the contemporary political and economic order in 92 countries. The following "lies" were cited: that in Yugoslavia "an economic crisis is taking place"; industrial and agricultural production "is decreasing"; "the restoration of capitalism in the countryside" is in progress; "the standard of living is rapidly decreasing," etc.

During this same period occasional outbursts from Albania were aimed at Belgrade, but with none of the virulence generally practiced by the Tirana propagandists.

Communist Chinese Set Back

At a meeting in Tunis of the executive committee of the Communist-backed International Union of Students (IUS), amendments sponsored by the Communist Chinese delegates were opposed, among others, by Polish, Bulgarian and Yugoslav representatives. The final program adopted by the IUS was passed with a single dissenting vote, that of the Chinese delegation, on the grounds that it contained "four activities proposed by the Yugoslav union." The head of the Yugoslav union expressed great satisfaction for the support the Yugoslavs received and for the fact that the Chinese delegate "received no support for his attacks against Yugoslavia." (Radio Belgrade, February 28.)

Poles Praise Yugoslav Agriculture

Achievements of Yugoslav agriculture were evaluated favorably by the Cracow Catholic weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny,* January 31. Poland, like Yugoslavia, has resisted the "Socialization" of agriculture, but the Polish journal was careful to single out Yugoslavia's few State farms as being primarily responsible for the "great improvement." The Yugoslavs were also lauded for the cooperation shown between "Socialized farms and individual farmers."

"Revisionism" Attacked

Sour notes were struck when the January issue of the *World Marxist Review,* the English-language edition of the Soviet-bloc organ *Problems of Peace and Socialism* (Prague), reprinted the speeches of the Fifth International Conference of Marxist Historians which had been held in Bucharest last August. The conference was centered on the problems of contemporary "revisionism" and the Yugoslav Communist Party was branded by many of the speakers as the arch-enemy of good Marxists. The words of the Bulgarian representative recalled the worst excesses of the anti-Yugoslav campaign.

Accords Continue

Despite the violent antagonisms between Peiping and Belgrade, the two countries were negotiating the details of

Throughout the area the "anti-colonialist" propaganda, centered on events in Africa, goes shrilly on. A recent example: "And this is our reward for teaching 15 percent of them to read."

Cartoon from ROHAC (Bratislava), January 29, 1960

a trade pact. (Radio Belgrade, February 10.) A cultural exchange was concluded between Poland and Yugoslavia, February 15, according to Radio Warsaw of that day, and a Hungarian delegation arrived in Belgrade, February 26, to discuss the construction of a long-distance power line between the Yugoslav city of Subotica and the Hungarian city of Szeged. (Radio Budapest, February 27.)

POLAND

SHAKE-UP IN PARTY OFFICIALS

In what appears to be an efficiency drive rather than a political purge, 7 out of 22 provinces and cities have had their Party First Secretaries replaced during February. (*Trybuna Ludu* [Warsaw], February 2, 25.)

The First Secretary of the Poznan region, Wladyslaw Krasko, was transferred to Warsaw to the post of director of the Central Committee Department of Culture. Previously there had been no such department within the Central Committee. Under Edward Ochab, the recently-appointed member of the CC secretariat in charge of cultural affairs, the Central Committee may be planning to extend its role in implementing the Party line in cultural activities. (Radio Warsaw, February 20.)

NEW TRANSPORT MINISTER

Jozef Popielas has been appointed Minister of Transportation; since 1950 he has served as Deputy Minister. The previous incumbent Ryszard Strzelecki was relieved of his post "in order to become a Secretary of the Party Central Committee." (*Trybuna Ludu* [Warsaw], February 18.)

GOMULKA ON NORMS

Party First Secretary Wladyslaw Gomulka, in his closing address to the Warsaw Party Conference which met March 1-2, strongly criticized the manner in which the current stiffening of work norms was being carried out. The drive, underway since the Third Party Plenum last October, is aimed at achieving the slated increases in industrial production without increasing the wage fund, by either higher wages or more employment. The workers have reacted with unrest and strikes, however, and Gomulka told his audience that "a substantial part of the working class has just reason to be unhappy about norms."

Although he disclaimed wholesale reduction in the pay scale, Gomulka noted one case in which the average hourly wage had been reduced almost 17 percent since last September. His targets were the managers who, instead of thoroughly reviewing the system of norms, simply raise them. It was a result, he said, "of love of comfort and desire to avoid worry and effort, which are inevitable if, in connection with raising norms, one wants to prevent reducing workers' earnings. . . . Such managers, when faced with the discontent of the workers due to the reduction in their wages through revision of norms, try to place the responsibility on the Party." (*Trybuna Ludu* [Warsaw], March 4.)

Strike in Poznan

Dissatisfaction with the tightened norms was demonstrated recently in Poznan, scene of the 1956 riots, by a partial strike in response to decreased workers' earnings. According to *Gazeta Poznanska* [Poznan], February 22, management responded by firing 30 "undesirable workers" and rejecting the employees' demands.

PEASANT PARTY PLENUM

A plenary session of the Peasant Party Central Committee was concerned with the lack of initiative shown by the peasantry in further developing agricultural circles. Meeting in Warsaw, February 27-29, chairman Stefan Ignar declared that the peasants were more interested in getting benefits from the State than in fulfilling "their duties to the State." (*Trybuna Ludu* [Warsaw], February 29.)

WARSAW WRITERS MEET

Again and again the slogan "Support the Party Line" is being drummed into Polish writers. Most recently this occurred at a meeting of the Warsaw Chapter of the Union of Polish Writers (ZLP), February 4, when Edward Ochab, Politburo member in charge of culture and propaganda, addressed the gathering with the words—"support the Party line or leave the Party." Elected as director of the group was Jerzy Putrament, a well-known regime publicist and editor on the staffs of two of the most prominent Polish cultural weeklies, *Nowa Kultura* and *Przeglad Kulturalny*. (*Trybuna Ludu* [Warsaw], February 5.)

PRIESTS TRIED

Repressive measures against members of the Catholic clergy continue. In Katowice, a priest was accused of "breaking the law guaranteeing freedom of conscience and creed." In Czestochowa, a trial will be held shortly for a priest who, it is alleged, "brutally beat one of his 14-year-old girl students for 'improper behavior'." Still a third trial has occurred in Gdansk where a priest was sentenced to three years imprisonment "for abusing and insulting local teachers who declared themselves in favor of secular education." (*Trybuna Ludu* [Warsaw], February 19, March 1, 4.)

USSR ORDERS 122 SHIPS

Poland will build 122 ships for the Soviet Union between 1961 and 1965. The total tonnage involved, 830,000 tons, far exceeds that of the present Polish marine fleet. *Trybuna Ludu* (Warsaw), February 28, described the Soviet order as the "biggest single order since the postwar opening of Polish shipyards." Poland's own fleet now consists of 114 ships having a total of 610,000 dead weight tons. According to *Zolnierz Polski* (Warsaw), September 23, 1959, Poland has delivered more than 250 ships to the USSR in the past 15 years.

Slum Construction

A WARSAW NEWSPAPER recently took a look at some local housing projects, and was not pleased. "In the haste to fulfill plans, tenants are allowed to move into defective houses. The receiving commission has yet to inspect about 30 apartment blocks (1,500 apartments) which are to be turned over to the city of Warsaw by the building enterprises this year. . . . No wonder approval is given hastily. The commissions race through the apartments, staircases and attics—the quicker the better. They close their eyes to all kinds of defects so as to enable the builders to complete their annual plans. For this reason the number of inadequacies in the housing settlements increases, rather than decreases, every year. The inspection commissions, the builders and the financing agencies all work carelessly and thus encourage waste and bad craftsmanship. . . . It may be said without exaggeration that there is scarcely a house in Warsaw which should be approved by the commission on its first inspection."

Express Wieczorny (Warsaw), December 19, 1959

March 8 was celebrated throughout the area as Women's Day. Cartoon from the front page of *Szpilki* (Warsaw), March 6:
She: "But today is Women's Day!"
He: "Oh, all right, we'll make up for it tomorrow."

MORE US AID

Additional credits valued at $41.5 million—in the form of 600,000 tons of surplus American wheat—have been extended to Poland. This is the second installment of aid given under the June 1959 agreement and brings the total credits granted under this accord to $103 million. Since June 1957 the United States has credited Poland with $296 million for agricultural and industrial supplies; $235 million of this is repayable in Polish currency.

Trybuna Ludu (Warsaw), February 19, said: "It seems that in a short time we can expect most-favored-nation treatment to be extended to all Polish exports to the United States, since all formal obstacles have already been removed."

CHURCH ATTACKS ABORTION

The Polish Catholic hierarchy strongly rebuked the government for its new law easing the requirements for legal abortion (see *East Europe,* February, p. 48). On March 6, according to Western reports, Cardinal Wyszynski's letter read from the pulpits reaffirmed the church's opposition to abortion and birth control. There was no immediate reaction to this by the regime press.

1959 PLAN FULFILLMENT

The final figures on Poland's economic performance during 1959 were reported by the Central Statistical Office. (*Trybuna Ludu* [Warsaw], February 9.) Last year's economic crisis, touched off when inflationary and population pressures clashed with a critical shortage of meat supplies in the market, yielded a mixed pattern of success and failure. Gross industrial output over-reached the plan by 1.5 percent, expanding by 9 percent over the 1958 level; but in agriculture production dropped 1.3 percent from the level of the previous year (instead of the 4 percent increase planned). National income, said to have increased by "about" 5 percent ("in 1958 prices"), was also less than anticipated.

Although the plan for the capital goods industry had called for an increase of only 7.6 percent, output actually expanded about 11 percent. The consumer goods industry, however, had grown only about 6 percent as compared with the 7.3 percent scheduled. This was a reversal of 1958's unusual results—for a Communist country—when production of consumer goods outpaced that of capital goods, with 10.2 as against 8.8 percent increases respectively.

Agriculture, the base of 1959's economic difficulties, suffered most from the drop in output of fodder grains and reduction in the number of pigs. While the wheat harvest was up 6.3 percent over 1958, there was a drop in output of barley and oats (down 14.6 and 7.2 percent), two important fodder grains, and sugar beets (down 29.1 percent). Production of potatoes, another fodder product, increased by 2.6 percent. Although beef production rose by 9.7 percent, that of pork declined 7.4 percent as compared with the 1958 level; and the purchases of pigs for slaughter fell by 12 percent. Supplies of meat and meat products in-

creased 12.3 percent during the first half of 1959, but decreased markedly, by 17.2 percent, in the last half as against comparable periods in 1958. The average drop for the year was 3.3 percent.

A sharp rise in general investments, about 14.4 percent, aggravated the inflationary pressures, especially during the first three quarters of the year, the report said. Investments in the national economy had overshot the planned target by about 5.6 percent. Meanwhile, money wages rose 8 percent over 1958, despite a reduction in the fourth quarter—"as a result of increased discipline in the wage fund." Higher costs of living (including a 25 percent increase in the price of meats), however, reduced the advance in real wages to 4.6 percent. The foreign trade balance took a turn for the worse: while exports expanded only 8.1 percent over 1958 (in current prices), imports rose more than 15 percent. Retail trade increased 9 percent, fulfilling the plan, the report said. Housing construction rose 2 percent, but the plan was fulfilled by only 94 percent.

Production Figures

The report gave the following production figures (percentage increases over 1958 in parentheses): electric power, 26.4 billion kwh (10.1); bituminous coal, 99,106,300 tons (4.3); brown coal, 9,258,300 tons (22.8); crude oil, 174,900 tons (minus .1); natural gas, 424,300,000 cubic meters (10.5); coke, 11,562,200 tons (3.7); pig iron, 4,374,200 tons (13.2); crude steel, 6,159,400 tons (8.8); rolled goods, 4,059,800 tons (9.7); steel pipes, 332,600 tons (6.4); aluminum, 22,800 tons (1.6); zinc, 168,100 tons (3.4); electrical turning machines, 843,000 (42.3); milling machines, 20,500 (7.2); agricultural machines and tools, 1.18 billion *zloty* (minus 12.3); tractors, double-axle, 3,043 (minus 30.1); tractors, single-axle, 1,619 (1,700); steam locomotives, 144 (111.8); electric locomotives, 30 (76.5); railway cars, passenger, 604 (1.2); railway cars, 13,460 (37.7); automobiles, 14,201 (23.4); trucks, 15,223 (47.3); buses, 1,505 (124.6); ships over 100 DWT, 187,000 DWT (6.9); motorcycles, scooters and motorbikes, 117,800 (34.5); bicycles, 395,300 (27.6); radios, 749,500 (minus 5.1); television sets, 117,200 (105.2); sewing machines, 171,000 (5.1); washing machines, 412,700 (83.7); refrigerators, 28,900 (23.2).

Also sulfuric acid, 610,500 tons (6.6); calcined soda, 456,500 tons (20.3); caustic soda, 158,600 tons (5.1); nitrogenous fertilizers, 255,700 tons (12.4); phosphoric fertilizers, 173,800 tons (12.6); phenol, 13,300 tons (74.3); synthetic silk yarn, 20,000 tons (9.4); cut fiber, 42,200 tons (0); stylon, 3,295 tons (44.9); polyvinylchloride, 7,500 tons (78.3); synthetic rubber, 5,031 tons (—); polystyrene, 1,766 tons (364.7); pharmaceutical products, 2.4 billion *zloty* (23.7); automobile tires, 1,062,600 (11.5); motorcycle tires, 315,600 (25.2); cement, 5,307,800 tons (5); quicklime, 1,735,800 tons (minus 1.4); bricks, 3.4 billion ceramic units (14.5); roof tiles, 110,200,000 units (minus 6.1); cardboard, 92,200,000 sq. meters (4); window glass, 20,200,000 sq. meters (13.8); lumber, 6,137,300 sq. meters (minus 4.8); composition boards, 21,400,000 sq. meters (23.6); furniture, 4.5 billion *zloty* (4.1); cellulose, 259,300 tons (9.8); paper, 456,800 tons (5.7); cotton cloth, 653,600,000 meters (7.4); woolen cloth, 80,300,000 meters (2.8); silk, 104,400,000 meters (7.2); linen and oakum, 81,200,000 meters (10.2); knitted goods, 16,475 tons (19); hosiery, 93,100,000 pairs (minus 10.7); leather footwear, 37,500,000 pairs (8.4); rubber footwear, 22,600,000 pairs (minus 2.4); sugar, white, 895,000 tons (minus 18.3); meat for industrial slaughter, 971,000 tons (minus 6); fish, 129,900 tons (16.4); butter, 93,125 tons (5.8); vegetable fats, 79,084 tons (22.7); margarine, 52,771 tons (31.9); chocolate products, 21,100 tons (21.3); beer, 6,569,500 hectoliters (7.8); vodka and pure alcohol, 743,200 hectoliters (1.2); wines and liquors, 1,445,300 hectoliters (23.3); cigarettes, 47.8 billion (5.2).

"WHY DO PEOPLE KEEP QUIET?"

"Is the number of economic crimes diminishing? According to official data—yes. However, when we look around with open eyes, when we listen to what people say, when we watch the merry life of some people who are 'materially' responsible for various institutions—we come to the conclusion that the number of economic crimes must be growing. . . .

"Why do people keep quiet? Izydor Lojek, an employee of the regional fruit cooperative in Szczecin, noticed that thievery was going on there. He spoke about it to the management, but was told to mind his own business and keep quiet. He went to the State Commercial Inspection Office in Szczecin and reported the matter. The inspection carried out by this institution confirmed Lojek's accusation. The matter was handed over to the public prosecutor. In the meantime, however, Lojek was fired from the cooperative. For a whole year he has been unable to find a new job, because the idea has been spread through 'private' channels that he is a trouble-maker."

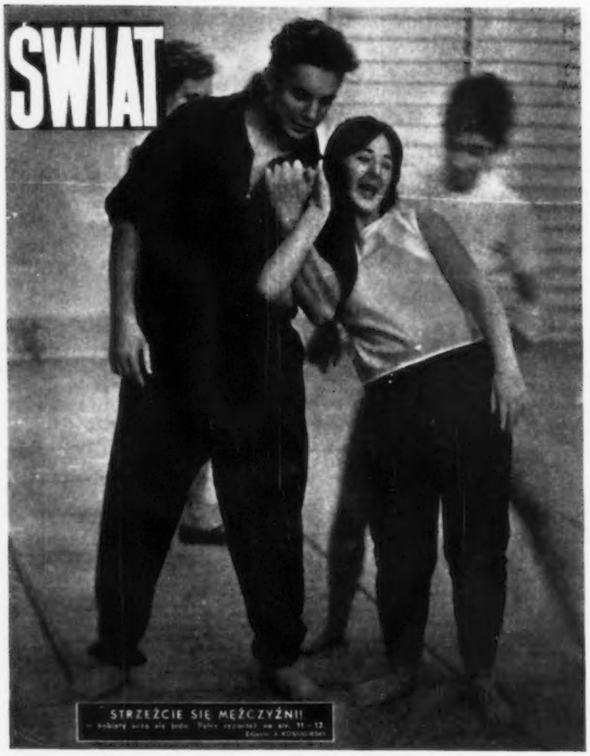
RADA NARODOWA (Warsaw), February 20, 1960

THIS IS WHY

"I think it might be worthwhile to warn our authorities against too energetic a struggle with lawlessness. Such energy carries unexpected consequences.

"It appears that in the town of Gorow in the province of Olsztyn a commission checking on local butchers, sausagemakers, etc., did not find one honest man among them. All the specialists of the meat department were promptly put in jail. When justice was satisfied, the authorities came to the philosophical conclusion that too much legality amounted to illegality. In order to save the local population from starvation the militia commander had to make, to the joy of opportunists, a weighty decision. That is, he let the least guilty out of jail."

POLITYKA (Warsaw), December 26, 1959



A class teaching judo to women has recently opened in Warsaw. Above, instructor and suffering pupil.

SWIAT (Warsaw), February 21, 1960

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

FILM FESTIVAL PROMOTES SOCIALIST REALISM

The "Stalinization" of Czechoslovak cultural life was reinforced at a Film Festival in Plzen (February 21-27). Alois Polednak, Director of the Central Administration of the Czechoslovak Film Industry, spoke at the opening ceremonies on the role films must play "as an aid to the Party in the Communist education of the working people." Education and Culture Minister Frantisek Kahuda belabored the movie makers for their "insufficient knowledge of life" illustrated by the fact that "the true heroes of our society, the worker, the collective farmer, the Socialist teacher and scientist have hardly made their presence felt in films." (*Rude Pravo* [Prague], February 22, 23.)

STIPENDS RAISED

In line with the Communist system of giving preferential treatment to the children of workers and peasants in admissions and scholarships to universities, Czechoslovakia has increased scholarship stipends for students of this "class origin." As of February 1, according to an edict of the Minister of Education and Culture, these stipends will be raised for children of workers and children of agricultural laborers who were workers before 1948 and have since entered a collective farm. (*Svobodne Slovo* [Prague], March 3.)

1959 PLAN FULFILLMENT

The economy registered an expansion of 10.9 percent in overall industrial output during 1959, but agricultural production dropped 1.4 percent below 1958, according to the State Statistical Office's report on last year's plan fulfillment. (*Rude Pravo* [Prague], February 9.) This pattern of development, including an increasing re-emphasis on heavy industry, was characteristic throughout the area in 1959. The capital goods industry expanded production by 13 percent over 1958, while production of consumer goods rose only 8 percent (the increases in 1958 were 11.8 and 10.6 percent respectively). Although industry overshot its plan target of 8.8 percent, the report said that 13 percent of all the industrial enterprises in the country did not fulfill their goals. Especially serious was the lag in metallurgy where both pig iron and rolled material missed their goal: the chemical industries, where gasoline, diesel fuel and nitrogen fertilizer were short; and various products in the engineering, building and consumer goods industries. Almost three-quarters of the increases achieved in industry were the result of growth in labor productivity which rose nearly 8 percent during 1959. At the same time, the increase in wages was held to "almost" two percent over 1958.

The drop in agricultural output, the report said, was the result of of lagging vegetable production which declined 4.5 percent; particularly at fault were potatoes and sugar beets. Animal production made a slight advance, 2.4 percent over 1958; and the overall stock of cattle had increased by 114,000 head, but there were 9,000 fewer cows than in January 1959.

The following production figures were given by the report (percentage increases over 1958 in parentheses): steam turbines, 942,000 kw (9); hydraulic turbines, 226,000 kw (124); rolling mills, 23,000 tons (11); chemical equipment, 49,000 tons (25); equipment for cement works, 11,000 tons (137); forgings, 325,000 tons (8); heat pressings, 59,000 tons, (7); diesel engines, 997,000 h.p. (22); cutting machine tools, 24,000 (9); moulding machines, 5,000 (minus 7); automatic and semi-automatic turning machines, 1,200 (20); tractors, 29,000 (19); threshing machine, 3,200 (5); trucks, 15,000 (4); passenger cars, 51,000 (16); buses, 1,500 (42); motorcycles, 151,000 (3); motorbikes, 145,000 (26); television sets, 197,000 (47); refrigerators, 104,000 (30); cement, 4,700,000 tons (15); lime, 2 million tons (11); burnt tile, 11 million sq. meters (5); bricks, 2.3 billion (11); asbestos-cement roofing, 21 million sq. meters (13); prefabricated sections, 1,369,000 cubic meters (29); fireclay blocks, 357,000 tons (6); flat-drawn glass, 27 million sq. meters (12); cotton fabrics, 424 million meters (5); silk, 60 million meters (7); wool, 45 million meters (7); polyamide fabrics, 3.4 million meters (44); ready-made clothes, 26 million (9); sewn underwear, 36-

million (13); knitted underwear, 36 million (6); knitted clothes, 41 million (14); leather footwear, 39 million pairs (14); rubber footwear, 36 million pairs (8); meat, 413,000 tons (minus .6); meat products, 183,000 tons (5); tinned meat, 14,000 tons (10); raw pork lard, 60,000 tons (1); butter, 55,000 tons (minus .5); milk for consumption, 973 million liters, (8); cheese, 43,000 tons (11); edible vegetable fats, 103,000 tons (3); wheat flour, 1,018,000 tons (9); wheat pastry, 303,000 tons (7); beer, 1,360,000 liters (8).

Total investment in the national economy came to 45.4 billion *koruny*, or 15.6 percent more than in 1958. While total investment had fulfilled the plan by 102 percent, investment in centralized construction met its target by only 94.1 percent. Foreign trade rose 15.8 percent. A favorable balance was maintained, but imports of foodstuffs increased sharply as a result of the slack in agriculture. Trade with the Communist bloc increased 18.8 percent, while trade with the rest of the world expanded only 9.2 percent. The report gave only preliminary results on the increase in the standard of living; both national income and personal consumption, it said, had grown roughly 5 percent.

1960 Budget

The State Budget for 1960, presented to the National Assembly by Finance Minister Julius Duris on February 17, provides for an 8 percent increase in both revenues and expenditures. The few details given by the Finance Minister (*Rude Pravo* [Prague], February 18) compare with last year's planned balance sheets as follows (in billions of *koruny*):

	1960	*1959*
Revenue	103.6	96.2
Turnover tax	46.2	50.4
Profits of industry	19.3	13.8
Direct taxes	11.3	11.3
Others	26.8	20.7
Expenditure	103.4	95.9
National economy	51.3	45.7
Social and cultural	40.3	38.4
Defense	8.8	8.8
Administration	3.0	3.0
Surplus	0.2	0.2

Expenditure in the national economy, the key figure, shows a 12 percent increase over 1959's planned figure and suggests a speed-up in the rate of development. The 1959 budget had called for only a slight increase in outlay in this sector. Duris left unexplained the sharp shift in the proportions contributed to revenue by the turnover tax and profits from industry.

Slovakia's share in the total budget will be 15.5 billion *koruny* of the revenue and 19.1 billion *koruny* of the expenditure.

"GIVE US KIM NOVAK"

When a Bratislava newspaper polled its readers on what they thought of Czechoslovak movies it received one answer which the editors thought "truly original."

QUESTION No. 1: Which of the Czechoslovak films on our screens last year was, in your opinion, the most true to life. Why?

ANSWER: "I do not know. I haven't seen any of them, because I don't want to impair my health or ruin my nerves."

QUESTION No. 2: "Which of our short or popular-scientific films interested you the most last year, and why?"

ANSWER: "Old films made by our foremost actors. They were produced at a time when the Czechs made good films."

QUESTION No. 3: "What do you expect from our film industry in the future?"

ANSWER: "I want the industry to produce films that I can see without regretting the money I spent and without feeling concerned about the state of my nerves. The type of film, for instance, that is made in the West."

The reader added, among other comments: "What a shame that our public has been unable to see on the screen our compatriot Kim Novak, or Marilyn Monroe, Frank Sinatra, Brigitte Bardot, etc. . . . It's a pity that I can't go to the movies when I'm bored—if I went I would be bored even more."

The editors replied to the reader that his comments were typical of "people who want safety and who jeer at everything that is brave and pioneering, people who know nothing and criticize everything, people who scoff at the giant machines made in our country while admiring every button sent to them from an aunt in America. If films were to be made [to satisfy such people], their heroes would annoy and bore our modern spectator."

PRACA (Bratislava), January 31, 1960

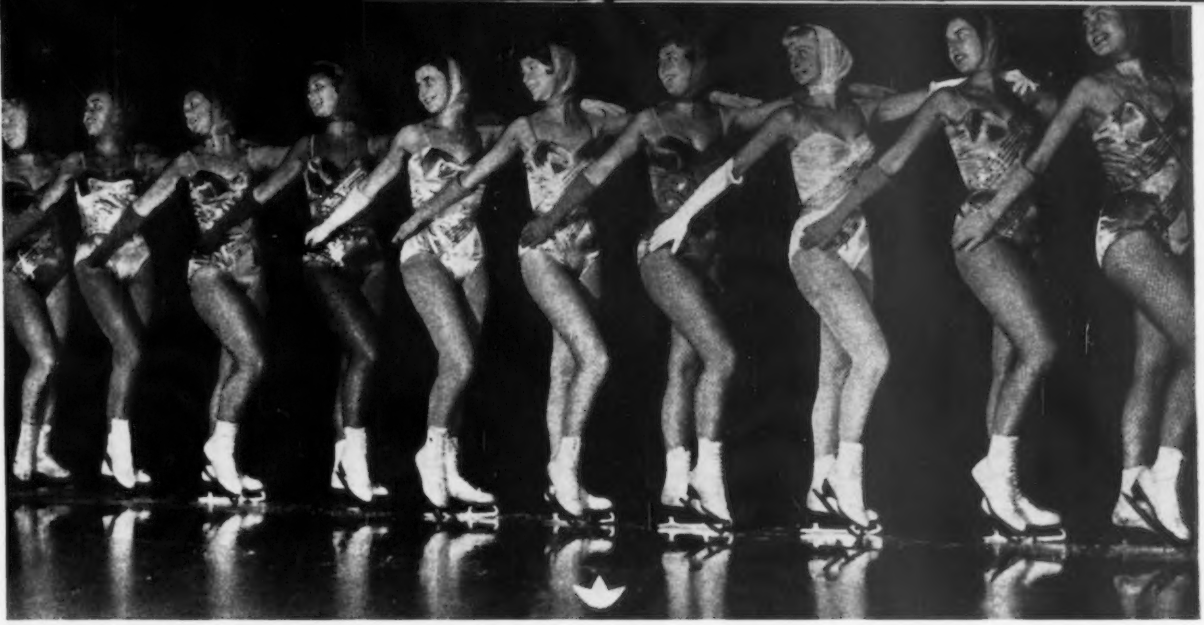
The Anatomy of Courage

THE LEADING Polish Party paper, *Trybuna Ludu* (Warsaw), January 21, 1960, reports that the Council of State has submitted to Parliament the draft of a bill concerning medals and decorations. The bill provides for two new awards:

> "Medal for Sacrifice and Heroism," which may be awarded to persons who endanger their lives while saving others from drowning, accidents, fires, etc.

and

> "Medal for Long Married Life," which is to be awarded to those persons who remain married to the same spouse for a period of 50 years.



A Czechoslovak ice revue, evidently patterned on the American model, is now in its second year. Called "In the Heart of Europe," it has played at home and in the Soviet Union, where it was reportedly very well received.

Photo from TSCHECHOSLOWAKEI (Prague), No. 12, 1959

HUNGARY

COLLECTIVES CONSOLIDATE

The rapid pace of collectivization, finally halted last February, has often made it difficult for the Party to cope with the problems arising from so drastic a change in the economic and social life of the peasantry. The regime press has been filled with articles reflecting this: "apathy" and "disorganization" have characterized the new collectivized villages. An article on the tasks of the Party organizations within the new collectives admitted that "an antagonistic situation has developed in a number of villages." Although the peasants have reached "new and better conditions for efficient production," the conditions of their cultural life "are still unchanged." (*Tarsadalmi Szemle* [Budapest], January.)

In the Party organ *Nepszabadsag* (Budapest), February 28, the regime declared that "Socialism is far from prepared." Party workers were exhorted "to build and consolidate the collectives with all their efforts . . . for this is primarily in their own interest."

PROTESTANT HIERARCHY SUPPORTS REGIME

After receiving tentative support for its agricultural collectivization campaign from the Catholic Church and more enthusiastic praise from the Protestant clergy (see *East Europe*, February, p. 51), the regime has scored its greatest propaganda victory with an unrestrained statement of support in the official organ of the Protestant Reformed Church. After analyzing tasks of the clergy in connection with the "Socialist transformation of agriculture," the article concluded with this credo:

> "We regard and accept Socialism and within it cooperative farming as the opportunity offered by the Lord to our generation, promoting our material and moral advance. . . . Every time we obediently carry out the Lord's intentions in this world, the effect on the life of the congregation is fruitful and enriching." (*Reformatus Egyhaz* [Budapest], February 15.)

TAXES RESTORED

Virtually unmentioned in the press was a government decision to rescind one of the laws devised to implement this winter's collectivization drive. On January 1, the regime abrogated an earlier decree which excused peasants who entered collectives from paying 20 to 30 percent of their taxes. The announcement was published in *Magyar*

For the first time, according to this Hungarian magazine, a Soviet actor is making an Italian film in Italy. Above, the actor Sergei Bondarchuk lights a cigarette for Italian actress Giovanna Ralli.

ORSZAG VILLAG (Budapest), February 10, 1960

A contestant in a recent Polish contest for Miss Baby.
SWIAT (Warsaw), December 6, 1959

Kozlony (Budapest), the official government gazette for new laws and decrees, January 16.

PENSIONS FOR FARMERS

At last, State old-age pensions have been made available to the collective farmer; previously, only workers in "Socialized industry" and State farms were automatically given this privilege. Age requirements: 70 for men; 65 for women; pensioners must also be unable to take full part in the work of the collective. A single man or woman as well as a married couple will draw 260 *forint* per month. If the peasant is disabled before reaching the required age, he or she will receive a disability pension of the same amount, although a disabled widow will receive only 130 *forint* per month. The National Institute of Pensions will administer the program. (*Magyar Nemzet* [Budapest], February 14.)

MTS TO BE MAINTAINED

Although Soviet Premier Khrushchev's agricultural policy has been to disband the centralized Machine Tractor Stations and give the machines directly to the collectives, thus increasing the efficiency of Soviet agriculture, the Hungarian regime has put off a similar decision—at least until the collectivization drive is virtually completed. The political role of the MTS outweighs any economic advantages to be gained, as the Budapest economic review *Tarsadalmi Szemle*, January, pointed out when it branded those who oppose the system of machine stations "enemies of the people's power, revisionists and demagogues." Once collectivization is completed, however, "the very important political and organizational task" of the stations will cease.

CENSUS RESULTS

Preliminary results of the first complete census in over ten years revealed that the Hungarian population has increased by 773,071 (or 8.4 percent) in this period. The present population: 9,977,870. The census also reflected the migration from the country to the large cities: 40 percent of the population increase was absorbed by the five largest cities.

SCHOOL REFORM

Soviet-styled "polytechnicism"—training to combine learning with work—introduced into the Hungarian schools last year (see *East Europe*, February, p. 52) has been further implemented by a government decision to make polytechnical education available in 4,200 elementary schools by 1965. All high school students will be required to spend at least one full day per week doing manual labor; however, some high schools will devote as much as 3 days per week to on-the-job training. (*Nepszabadsag* [Budapest], February 11.)

HUNGARIAN NOVEL PLEASES REGIME

The old-guard of Hungarian "populist" writers, often criticized by the cultural commissars for their failure to follow the Party line, has finally produced a novel which has been received with enthusiasm by the Party critics. Aron Tamasi, one of the best-known of the populists, has written a book—to appear this spring—which depicts the impact of collectivization on the patriarchal way of life in the rural areas, with the author apparently in sympathy with the innovations. An article in *Magyar Nemzet* (Budapest), February 14, lauded the novel for its "sublime spirit, inner warmth and exalting faith."

BULGARIA

CAIRO ATTACKS SOFIA

The warmth that once characterized relations between the Soviet bloc and the United Arab Republic has been steadily deteriorating over the past year; this is particularly true of Bulgaria. The treatment of Arab students studying in Bulgaria came under attack in the Egyptian press when the Cairo newspaper *Al-Akhbar* declared that Arab youths in Sofia were being indoctrinated with Communist principles. Sofia hotly denied this, but also maintained somewhat defensively that Bulgaria was being unfairly maligned by the UAR.

On February 26, the Party organ *Rabotnichesko Delo* (Sofia) published a lengthy article proclaiming Communist friendship for the UAR and a desire for "peaceful coexistence" with the Arab world. The Arab journalists were accused of inventing "facts" which have nothing to do with reality, and UAR President Nasser was rebuked

PURGES IN LATVIA

Ever since the incorporation of the Republic of Latvia into the Soviet Union following World War II, Moscow has been plagued by "separatism" and Latvian "nationalism." Even old-line Latvian Communists have been accused of attempting to develop some form of "national Communism." Since last July, a bevy of government leaders, writers and technicians have been purged, up to and including the Party First Secretary and the Premier. Reports in the Latvian Communist press as well as reliable Western sources attributed their downfall to their "nationalistic tendencies." On July 15, 1959, Radio Riga announced that Deputy Premier E. Berklavs had been relieved of his duties; on August 5, the Latvian radio stated that the Trade Unions' chairman J. Pinksis had been discharged.

Reasons for Berklavs' dismissal were forthcoming in an article by the then Latvian Premier Vilis Lacis, in an August issue of *Partijnaya Zhizhn* (Moscow) which accused Berklavs of opposing the Party line directed towards the development of heavy industry. Lacis also identified Berklavs as one of those "who unfortunately attempted to turn the development of the [Soviet Latvian] republic from a correct path to one that would have given it nationalistic limitations." The press was silent over Pinksis' removal; it is thought that he may have objected to sending workers and engineers to work in other regions of the USSR as long as there was a shortage of labor in Latvia. (*New York Times*, August 25.)

The following month the purge spread. E. Mukins, vice-director of the Soviet Latvian State Planning Committee, was dismissed. Minister of Construction A. Bezelis and Director of the Institute of Economics of the Soviet Latvian Academy of Sciences P. Dzerve were reprimanded. Then, on September 22, the entire leadership of the Latvian Komsomol (Communist youth league) was removed. Further evidence of Moscow's dissatisfaction appeared in the September issue of *Padomju Latvijas Komunists* (Riga), in an article by A. Pelse, now First Secretary of the Latvian Communist Party. He complained that Latvian Communists favored consumer goods production and neglected production for export; that the selection of responsible workers was carried out on the basis of nationality; that Berklavs, Pinksis and the Komsomol leaders were "erroneously afraid" that Latvia might lose its national characteristics.

PARTY LEADER AND PREMIER PURGED

A special meeting of the executive committee of the Soviet Latvian Association of Authors, held in Riga on September 25, condemned the writer Visvaldis Eglons for his "sins of nationalism." Most noteworthy, however, was the downfall of the Party First Secretary J. Kalnberzins and the Premier Vilis Lacis the following month. A. Pelse was then elected as Party chief and J. Peive as Premier.

Still the shake-up continued. Radio Riga, December 9, reported that J. Gibietis, director of the educational department of the Riga municipal administration, V. Kreituss, first deputy chairman of the city executive council, E. Dzelzitis, director of the commerce department, and A. Rinkis, director of the billeting board, had been ousted from their posts. At least two of the men appointed in their stead were Russians.

P. Dzerve, reprimanded in August, was finally removed from the leadership of the Economics' Institute in early January. His deputy, B. Treijs, was also dismissed. Dzerve was accused of singling out "dogmatism" rather than "revisionism" as the greatest danger to the country. Both men were also labelled "right-wing opportunists" trying to effect "national retrenchment and seclusion" in the Latvian economy. (*Kommunist Sovetskoj Latvii* [Riga], January.) Finally, the editor of the Party organ *Cina,* P. Pizans, lost his position.

The January purge was announced at a meeting in Riga of the Latvian Party Central Committee, January 26-27, and a warning of things to come was issued by the new Party boss Pelse, who said: "The remnants of bourgeois nationalism have not yet been liquidated in some places." (Radio Riga, January 28.)

for his allegations that Sofia was a center of "foreign agents" who were trying to undermine the Egyptian revolution. The Communist newspaper concluded:

> "No matter how loudly [Egyptian] editors and writers shout that they are patriots, no matter what high-flown words they use about Arab nationalism and Arab unity, through their unreasonable and unrestrained writings they are harming the real national interests of their country and the friendship between the Bulgarian People's Republic and the UAR."

YUGOV WOOS TURKEY, GREECE

The tone, if not the substance, of Bulgaria's approach toward Greece and Turkey was markedly sweetened in a speech delivered by Premier Anton Yugov at the opening of Parliament, March 7. While repeating Bulgaria's offer to conclude nonaggression pacts with the two NATO countries, Yugov emphasized that the efforts of the Balkan nations should be directed "not toward kindling hatred but toward kindling friendship and understanding,

toward developing their cultural and trade relations." These honeyed words did not prevent Yugov from accusing Greece and Turkey of having hostile designs on Bulgaria in their establishment of American-made nuclear missile sites. (Radio Sofia, March 7.)

USING BREAD AS FODDER FORBIDDEN

A government decree has made it unlawful for Bulgarian householders to feed livestock with bread or flour which they have bought from State or cooperative stores. Violators are subject to fines up to 2,000 *leva* on first offense, and if repeated, fines may be doubled or three months of compulsory labor imposed. The ruling was said to have been necessary to prevent the waste of grain products, despite an alleged large increase last year in production. Persons raising animals are also being made to sign statements that they know of the sanction. The decree states that rules should be formulated to make it impossible for a family to purchase more than "the normal supply of bread." (*Izvestia* [Sofia], February 23.)

The same decree has another provision prohibiting pig and cattle raising in the larger cities. The reason given: "To secure the health and hygiene of the population."

THE GOLDEN EGGS

"I went to visit the collective farm in the village of Septemvri in the district of Pazardjik. At the clubhouse of the municipal Party committee I met some friends, all Party members. We got to talking about the fabulous goose that laid the golden eggs.

" 'Those golden eggs were in the past,' said the Secretary of the Committee, Luben Yevchev. 'But we have them now. Come out to the poultry farm in the village of Akandjievo and you will see them.'

" 'Impossible,' I said. 'You are joking.'

" 'It is true,' said Boris Petrov, the Party Secretary from the village of Akandjievo. . . .

"The next day the collective farm's jeep pulled up at a wire fence. A number of hens started toward us, hopping on our shoulders and heads, pecking at our ears and legs.

" 'Don't be afraid,' said a young woman, 'they do this all the time. We give them 50 grams of grain every day, but they are greedy, insatiable. We'll have to increase their rations.'

"The hens looked 'well fed' all right. Their combs were bluish, their bodies emaciated and the chicken house was a regular icebox. . . .

" 'Where are the eggs?' I asked the chicken-keeper. 'They tell me the eggs are golden.'

" 'Yes, they are golden. They haven't lied to you. They sure are golden. We breed 6,000 hens and get only 40 to 50 eggs daily. Here they are.' And she showed them to me in a basket.

" 'Don't be surprised,' said an elderly hen-keeper. 'On the outside, the eggs look like ordinary white ones. But they are really made of gold. Each egg costs the collective farm 40 *leva*.'

"Now I was convinced that my friends were not deceiving me. They told me later that this is not the only place where it occurs. There are similar golden eggs in the village of Ovchepoltzi, where 2,000 hens lay 30 eggs daily; in the district of Pazardjik as a whole there are 120,000 hens which lay only 10,000 eggs a day."

RABOTNICHESKO DELO (Sofia), February 21, 1960

AMERICAN MINISTER ARRIVES

The new US Minister to Sofia, Edward Page, Jr., presented his credentials to the Bulgarian Foreign Minister Karlo Lukanov on March 12 and to Dimitar Ganev, titular Head of State, two days later. The usual protocol courtesies were exchanged. (Radio Sofia, March 12, 14.) (See *East Europe*, January, p. 43.)

ROMANIA

PARTY PROPAGANDISTS CRITICIZED

Widespread incompetence in managing the tortuous nuances of Party agitation has apparently led the regime to send a team of experts to study propaganda techniques in Moscow, according to Radio Bucharest, February 17. This announcement followed hard upon an article in the official Party organ *Scinteia* [Bucharest], February 13, which pointed out the shortcomings in the propaganda apparatus of the regional Party organizations. "Outdated lectures in Party education dealing with problems long

There are in Romania, as everywhere and always in the area, complaints about the repairs of agricultural machinery. A recent cartoon to this point:

Mechanic: "The way I've fixed it you can go 100,000 kilometers without repairs."

Driver: "Okay, okay, I believe you, but now shut this thing off."

SCINTEIA (Bucharest), March 5, 1960

since solved" and "irrelevant statistics without correct interpretation" were cited as the prime failures of the agit-prop units.

The day the agit-prop group returned from the Soviet Union, March 3, a delegation of Soviet Party activists arrived in the Romanian capital. Radio Bucharest on the same day announced that the Soviet delegation will study the activities of the Romanian Party organizations and agencies.

STUDENT LEADER DISMISSED

Ion Iliescu, chairman of the Romanian Union of Students' Associations, has been removed from this post. He was also stripped of his functions as Secretary of the Romanian Communist Youth Organization (UTM). No reasons were forthcoming for his dismissal. Cornel Burtica replaced him in both positions. (Radio Bucharest, February 11.)

CALIFORNIA, HERE THEY COME

"Employees of the Chemka factory at Strazske [in eastern Slovakia] bring lettuce and other vegetables back from their official trips, from places as far away as Prague. They bring it home in their briefcases because once again there are no vegetables to be had in Strazske. People write to us that there was cauliflower only twice this year, and that their blood boils when they see large posters with the words: 'Vegetables and Fruit Every Day on Your Dining Table.'

"We are still unable to solve the problem of vegetable supplies. In one place there is too much of them while in other places there is none. Sometimes they are transported from one town to another where there is no demand for them and the vegetables have to be sold as animal fodder or thrown away.

"In Strazske they cannot even buy ordinary canned vegetables; there are no cheeses except for processed cheese; there are no deep-frozen vegetables and no selection of pastry; even eggs are rare.

"There is trouble with the milk supply too. . . ."

PRACA (Bratislava), October 28, 1959

THOSE DREADFUL POLISH PAINTERS

A Hungarian newspaperman in Poland recently wrote a series of articles for his paper on various aspects of the Polish scene. He maintained the usual diplomatic courtesies when he discussed Polish politics and economics, and even managed to describe the situation in Poland's uncollectivized agriculture without invidious comment. But when he went to see an exhibition of abstract art in Radom, he found things that a good Marxist could not excuse under any circumstances.

"What should one say about abstract painting and sculpture? Their 'attraction' is—I wish I knew whom they do attract—that they have nothing to say. This exhibition was full of bewilderingly ugly, senseless, distorted and disgusting paintings and sculptures! I was told beforehand that today the abstract trend rules in Polish are to such an extent that it almost 'terrorizes' and ousts the followers of the realist school. I didn't believe this, considering it an exaggeration. But in Radom I discovered that this characterization was right. Of the 600 works exhibited, only a dozen were intelligible to me. I can only say that such an exhibition of abstract art gives me the creeps. The title beneath two pieces of shapeless stone—which looked as though they had just been quarried—was 'maternity.' Unable to bear it any longer, I exclaimed to my companions: 'This is terrible.'

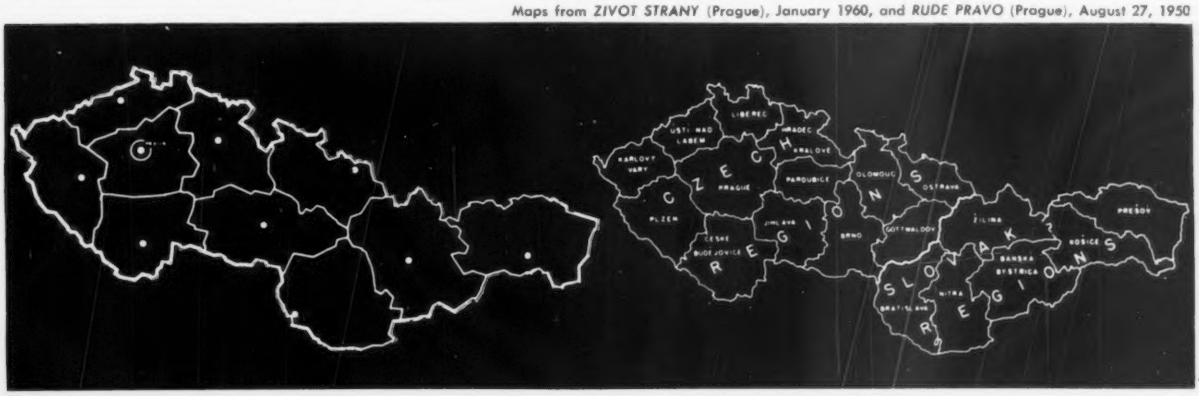
"They are not lovers of the abstract, and they shared my opinion—although apologetically and shamefacedly. This would have been all right, had they not presented me with the catalogue of the exhibition. The list of patrons included Henryk Sobon, the Party Secretary, and Waclaw Telus, the Council Chairman. I was in trouble. Unable to go back on what I had said, I remarked: 'Comrades, if you share my opinion, why do you lend your names to this conspiracy of the abstract?'

"The two 'concrete men' looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. Finally the Party Secretary said, 'We did not want to interfere in matters which—in our view—we do not understand. And besides, take a look at this name. The chief patron of the exhibition is the Deputy Minister of Culture and Art. Why should we raise any objection?' "

NEPSZABADSAG (Budapest), February 10, 1960

The Czechoslovak Party has announced that the number of regions in Czechoslovakia will be reduced from 19 (right) to 10 (left).

Maps from *ZIVOT STRANY* (Prague), January 1960, and *RUDE PRAVO* (Prague), August 27, 1950



Unexpected Consequences

THE HUNGARIAN EXPERIENCE IN ECONOMIC PLANNING, by Bela A. Balassa, New Haven: Yale University Press, 1959, 285 pp.

THE ECONOMIC POLICIES of the Rakosi regime in Hungary will probably enter the textbooks of the next generation as a classic example of economic error. Never, in time of peace, have the energies of millions of people been so systematically misdirected. Carlyle called economics "the dismal science," but he lived in early nineteenth century England when intelligent pessimism was still considered a virtue. Had he been a Hungarian in the year 1952 he might have cried out (to himself of course) against the official philosophy of unlimited optimism. The confident Communist Party that set out in 1949 to "make Hungary a country of iron and steel" found itself a few years later begging on the doorsteps of Eastern Europe.

The layman who wants to know what Economics really is will find an object lesson in the history of Hungary in the years 1949-1955. He will learn how work may make people poor, and why the building of factories may do no more good than the building of pyramids. Someone—not Carlyle—has described Economics as the study of the unanticipated effects of public policies; while this will hardly suffice as a definition, it is worth emphasizing in an era when governments are so full of purpose. In the summer of 1956, before the outbreak of the Hungarian Revolt, a high government official wrote in a technical journal not intended for the masses: "The standard of living has hardly improved during the period of the first Five Year Plan [1950-54]; our investment possibilities are not significantly better at the end of the Five Year Plan than at the beginning; the condition of [the industrial plant] has deteriorated in many areas; our foreign debts have not been reduced but increased." None of these consequences, of course, had been even remotely envisioned by the hard-eyed men who drafted the Plan in 1949. They were not economists.

Bad System or Bad Policies?

Hungary possessed good economists even if they were prophets without honor, and one of them who left the country after the Revolt has written an inquest on the first Five Year Plan. Mr. Bela Balassa, now an Assistant Professor at Yale, was formerly a teaching fellow at the University of Budapest and occupied various positions in the bureaucracy of government planning. His book, which won the John Addison Porter Prize of Yale University in 1959, is the first attempt to analyze the Hungarian experience within the framework of economic theory. As a synthesis of theory and fact, written by a capable insider, it is an outstanding achievement in the literature dealing with Soviet-type economies.

In the general reappraisal that took place in the Soviet bloc after Stalin's death and before Khrushchev had erected his new orthodoxy, the first question that arose was: Have we been the victims of bad policies or of a bad system? The accepted answer, of course, was that the system was good, but that some of Stalin's policies had been bad. In Poland, East Germany and Hungary a few voices argued that the system itself—i.e., central bureaucratic planning—was defective and needed a fundamental overhaul if "Socialism" was to compete effectively with capitalism. Such an overhaul might have resembled that which Tito carried out in Yugoslavia during the early 1950s: a decentralization of control and a greater reliance on the forces of the market in producing and distributing goods. These voices have now been silenced, and their arguments labelled "revisionist." The economic structure of the Soviet bloc countries remains in principle what it was in Stalin's day, with a few modifications in policy.

Mr. Balassa believes that the Hungarian economic muddle was chiefly the result of what he terms "central physical planning," and particularly of the lack of a rational price system to guide economic decisions. It should be pointed out, however, that some of the more notorious botches resulted from ignorance and haste on the part of the responsible—or irresponsible—authorities, and cannot be

fairly ascribed to central planning alone. These include the building of the enormous Sztalinvaros iron and steel works, which consumed a larger share of total investment in the years 1950-1955 than all of the light and food industries combined, and produced pig iron at a cost 25 percent higher than that of imported pig iron. Other examples were the sinking of vast sums in coal and power production, for which Hungary has few resources. One may grant that such errors would not have been committed in a "free enterprise" economy where the investor wants to be assured of a return on his capital, nor in the theoretical Socialist system of "price planning" where the authorities are subject to similar considerations. But neither should they occur in any economic system where reason is a check upon action. Such absurdities are possible only in an economy governed by dogmatic men who are not required to think.

A complete explanation of the economic mismanagement that occurred in Hungary and other East European countries during the early 1950s would exceed the bounds of Mr. Balassa's book. The policies which proved disastrous in Hungary and Poland were the same policies that Stalin pursued with marked success in the Soviet Union. Russian imperialism has tended, like all imperialism, to export the policies of the homeland to the colonies, though in a peculiarly ruthless and systematic manner. The programs of the Hungarian Communists were presumably approved in Moscow, and the question to be asked is why the Soviet authorities first allowed them and later failed to correct them. By 1953 it was obvious that those policies were leading to difficulties. Mr. Balassa quotes Imre Nagy's well-known statement when he became Premier for the first time in 1953, that "there is no reason whatsoever for an excessive industrialization . . . if the necessary sources of basic materials are lacking." But the old policies were largely reinstated after Nagy's fall in 1955, when Khrushchev succeeded Malenkov in the Kremlin. Since then the wind has shifted once more, and the Hungarian Communists seem to be observing more caution in their industrial development.

The Wheels of Industry

The particular excellence of Mr. Balassa's book lies in his analysis of the inherent tendencies of the Communist economic system as he knew it in Hungary, or—to borrow a phrase from Karl Marx—the "laws of motion" of that system. One of the great controversies in modern economics has raged around the question whether a Central Planning Board can run an economy as efficiently as private enterprise does, or more precisely, whether the planners can calculate as effectively as do the forces of the marketplace. Mr. Balassa shows that the Hungarian system fell considerably short of the theoretical ideal in a number of ways. In allocating resources among competing uses, the planners were not even able to balance supply with demand, and the economy struggled with continual shortages: "in the construction industry, for example, there were stoppages on many projects because of lack of bricks, steel, cement, or even gravel every year. Similar phenomena were observed in factories working with imported materials, as in the textile industry."

Under central planning as it worked in Hungary, the question of who gets what was "greatly influenced by the bargaining force of the participants in planning": "The bargaining power of the ministries and the authority of the Planning Office has largely been determined by the ability and political influence of those who have directed them. In the first years of planning, while Zoltan Vas was its president, the authority of the Planning Office was undiminished; he personally was able to wield the necessary power over the ministries. In 1952 Vas was removed from the Planning Office, and his successors have been too weak to maintain their authority. In many important questions not the opinion of the Planning Office but the will of the strong ministries has been decisive, where good connections with the Central Committee of the Party were often more important than economic arguments. . . .

"Enterprises have bargained to reduce their output targets, to ensure the procurement of more materials and more labor, and to get better contracts, new investment funds, etc. The twin motives, power and earnings, appear here. Power can be augmented through new investments, amalgamation of enterprises, increase of the working force, etc. Earning possibilities increase if plan-targets are reduced and prices and material allotments are increased, since in this way the chances to get higher bonuses are better. The drive for greater power is also partly conditioned by striving for higher earnings, since enterprises are categorized according to the value of their productive capacity, and higher capacity entails higher salary for the managers."

The more obvious anomalies of the Communist economic system have often been described: the overgrown bureaucracy, the sacrifice of reason to dogma, the neglect of the consumer. It is easy to conclude that if only these hindrances were removed the Communist industrial manager would tend to operate in ways similar to those of his counterpart in a capitalist economy. He would, that is, try to produce as cheaply and efficiently as possible. Mr. Balassa shows that the system of central planning forces him to operate in a way that by capitalist standards seems perverse and irrational. Where the free enterpriser tries to maximize his profits, the Communist manager tries to maximize his bonuses:

"To understand the importance of bonus maximization one must realize that in Soviet-type economies the basic salaries of technical and administrative employees are rather low. In Hungary in 1956 an engineer received about 1,600 forints (in U.S. purchasing power approximately $110) monthly; the basic salary of the chief of the financial department in a medium firm was about 1,700-1,800 forints ($120-140); and that of the director in a firm of similar size approximately 2,500 forints ($170). Since the salaries of most of these employees were barely sufficient for the necessities of life, purchases of conveniences and luxuries were tied to receipt of bonuses. The maximum amount of bonuses was quite substantial: in 1956 in high-priority industries (such as heavy and

construction industries), bonuses could amount to 75 percent of the basic salary, in low-priority industries (such as light industry) to 50 percent. The actual amount of bonuses ranged from zero to the maximum percentage. In heavy and construction industries bonuses averaged 35 to 50 percent, in light industry 22 to 29 percent (in different quarters of 1955)."

The size of the bonus in Hungary depended on the manager's success in fulfilling his production plan and his profit plan, these having been determined by the higher authorities (partly on the basis of what the manager could induce them to accept). Fulfillment of the plans was made easier by various manipulations: by getting softer plans from the ministry; by producing heavier things, larger things, and things that were more profitably priced; by reducing quality and variety; by clever bookkeeping; and by other more complicated devices:

"An amusing case came to my attention: in a rubber goods factory where fulfillment of the production plan was measured by weight, on the last day of the month if production was too low the management ordered that more air be pumped into the inflated articles to achieve the desired weight. The reverse was applied if the weight was found excessive."

Because of the chronic shortages of raw materials, the Hungarian managers were forced to make use of an institution already well known in the USSR: what the Russians call *blat*. This involved hiring an agent—called *tolkach* in Russian—to procure the needed materials through unofficial channels. In 1956 the Construction Trust of Sztalinvaros had 15 or more of these agents stationed in Budapest. The main task of the agent is "to create and maintain good relations with the suppliers. This is necessary not only to obtain materials in excess of the allocated quota but also to make certain that the allotted materials arrive in time. The producers supply materials over and above the quota partly from above-plan output, partly at the expense of other users' quotas or by exploiting the loopholes of the material-allocation system. In the case of a large firm, the material expediters are highly specialized and have been working in their fields for years. Their methods consist of friendly persuasion, recompense in products manufactured by the enterprise in question, offering target bonuses, and in some cases outright bribing."

Costs and Results

The distinction of this book cannot be rendered in a summary, and a review is apt to do it injustice. A skeptic may argue that for all its drawbacks the Communist economy produces results. In Hungary, certainly, the results seem disproportionate to the effort. The author calculates that national income, corrected for distortions, grew an average of 5.6 percent annually in the years 1949-1955. This figure is higher than the 4.8 percent achieved in the 1930s, but it was accompanied by enormous sacrifices on the part of the population. About 35 percent of the national income was spent on capital investment during the Five Year Plan, 45 per cent of the population was in the labor force, and during some of these years the standard of living declined. Moreover, the statistics of national income are based on the assumption that all of this effort was constructive; to the extent that some of it was directed into projects—such as heavy industry—for which Hungary lacks the necessary conditions, the net gain was even less. Mr. Balassa concludes:

"It has been established that the shortcomings and deficiencies encountered with respect to the allocation of resources and the planning and realization of investments as well as laggardness of technological change had a restrictive effect on the growth of national income in Hungary. In view of these inefficiencies a serious sacrifice had to be imposed on the population in the form of increased saving and work. Without these measures only a fraction of the actual growth rate would have been achieved. If the saving ratio had not been higher than in the post-depression years of the thirties, the planning period would have exhibited a growth rate much lower than in the thirties. It should be added that part of the growth of national income in the 1949-55 period entailed a misdirection of resources. It can be surmised that in a free enterprise framework—if the same rate of investment were achieved through forced saving—a higher growth rate could have been attained."

—*Francis S. Pierce*

Recent and Related

Peaceful Co-existence, by Wladyslaw W. Kulski (Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1959, 662 pp., $12.50). This is a scholarly, meticulously documented study of Soviet foreign policy, its aims and methods. Dr. Kulski begins with an analysis of the theoretical basis of Communist strategy, the Soviet concept of revolution, Russian nationalism, Communist morality, tactics, and the idea of peaceful co-existence. He proceeds with a discussion of the current Soviet policies toward underdeveloped countries, Soviet colonial possessions, and the East European Satellites. The book concludes with a chapter on the Communist international movement.

The author believes that the Soviet leaders are guided by two motivations: "their fidelity to the ideological mission of spreading Communism to the limits of the globe and national devotion to their own country. . . . While we are inclined to disconnect the sequence of events for lack of a conceptual interpretation of our time, the Communists link all events into a logical chain. We talk the language of the *status quo;* they think in the terms of a long-term revolutionary change." Each chapter of the book has extensive footnotes to sources. Notes, bibliography, index.

The Revolt in Tibet, by Frank Moraes (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1960, 223 pp., $3.95). This book by the well-known Indian editor shows the impact of Chinese expansionism in South and Southeast Asia. In a devastating critique of Chinese Communist activities in Tibet, Mr. Moraes describes the economic exploitation and religious and social repression of the Tibetans, giving the historical background of these events up to the actual Chinese takeover in 1959 and the Dalai Lama's flight from Lhasa. His account of the Tibetan tragedy has authenticity and is therefore deeply moving. There is, in addition, an interesting chapter on India's role and involvement.

A History of Russia, by John Lawrence (New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1960, 372 pp., $6.50). This is a compact, intelligible survey of the history of Russia from its earliest days of the forest and steppe through the ages of Moscow, St. Petersburg and the Bolshevik Revolution. The last section covers the establishment of the Soviet government, the rise of Stalin and the increasing rigidity of the State during his regime. The book ends with an analysis of the Khrushchev era. Tables of comparative dates at the end of each section of the book align the milestones of Russia's history with the events of the rest of the world. Bibliography, index.

For Victory in Peaceful Competition with Capitalism, by Nikita Khrushchev (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1960, 784 pp., $3.95). This is a collection of speeches and statements made by Khrushchev in the course of 1958 on various questions relating to Soviet policies and to the international situation. These give, in great detail, the Soviet position on arms control, nuclear testing, the Middle East, Berlin, German unification, the status of Eastern Europe, and Western colonialism. "No nation wants war. The desire for peace is particularly strong with the Soviet people. War is alien to our convictions, to the humane nature of the Socialist system. . . . Instead of military conflicts between States, we offer the prospect of peaceful competition, primarily in the economic field, but also in scientific, technical, cultural and all other fields. We stand for honest competition in peaceful pursuits, without some countries' interfering in the internal affairs of others. . . . The Soviet Union, as the strongest and economically most developed State, gives other States the most unselfish assistance, and considers the cause of building Socialism in each country as its own cause and the success of all the peoples building Socialism as its own success. . . ."

Khrushchev and The Central Committee Speak on Education, by George S. Counts (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1959, 66 pp., $2.50). A translation of forty-eight Russian "theses" which were expounded in November 1958 as guideposts in Soviet education for several years to come, and which cover the program for a radical reconstruction of the entire Soviet system of schools from the kindergarten through the university and the higher technical school. Dr. Counts, a well-known student of the subject, provides a commentary and analysis.

The Communist Party of Bulgaria, by Joseph Rothschild (New York: Columbia University Press, 1959, 354 pp., $7.50). Dr. Rothschild, an Assistant Professor of Government at Columbia University, traces the history of the Bulgarian Communist Party from its origins in Russian Socialism to its development into a small but dedicated body strenuously seeking power through revolution and through the economic and political penetration of society. He covers the years 1883-1936, drawing his material from largely untapped sources. Bibliography, Index.

The Reluctant Satellites, by Leslie B. Bain (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1960, 233 pp., $3.95). A newsman who was in Budapest during the Hungarian Revolt studies the political forces at work both within Hungary and outside. Much of the book deals with post-Revolt trends throughout Eastern Europe. "The true victims of the war between the giants, still called the 'cold war,' are the peoples between and around them. They are condemned to stand still under a stopped clock, and are severely punished for fidgeting, even though their nerves are strained to the limit of endurance, and their hearts and minds ablaze."

A Chinese Village in Early Communist Transition, by C. K. Yang (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1959, 284 pp., $6.50). The purpose of this volume is to show the problems of one Chinese peasant village by analyzing its pre-Communist pattern of life and studying the changes that the Communist revolution has wrought. The emphasis is on an analytical presentation of the major aspects of village life and recent changes in them. Dr. Yang is Professor of Sociology at the University of Pittsburgh. In the years 1948-1951 he did field work in China for this study; subsequent material was gathered from the Communist and non-Communist press. Index.

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